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# CRACKED

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FREE GIFT NO. 2

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"SHARK BITE!"  
AND  
"STAR WARZ!"  
POSTCARDS  
READY TO MAIL!

NOVEMBER  
No. 155





**R.A.I.D.\***

**SECURITY  
SYSTEMS**

**\*ROVER: AN INVISIBLE DOG**

# CRACKED

THE WORLD'S HUMOREST FUNNY MAGAZINE

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Carefully detach complete cover at  
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NOVEMBER 1978

No. 155



WHAT'S UP FRONT  
OUR COVER

Don't worry about the fin, Sylvester, it just happens to be attached to one of the biggest stars of the year. He's the shark from JAWZ II and if you read the story on page 6, you'll find he's a friend of all your favorite stars!!



WARNING  
THIS ROOM  
PROTECTED BY

R.A.I.D.\*  
SECURITY  
SYSTEMS

\* ROVER, AN INVISIBLE DOG

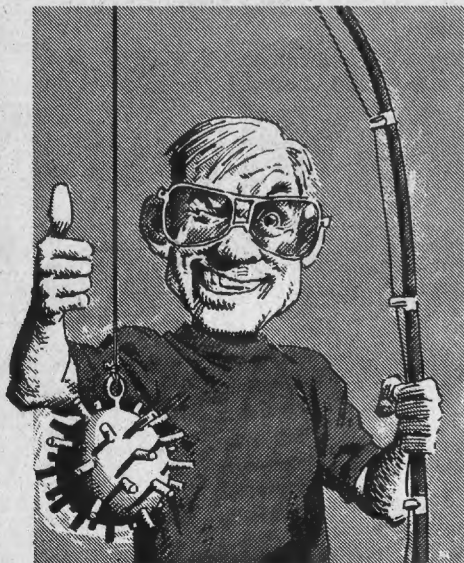




# LETTUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003



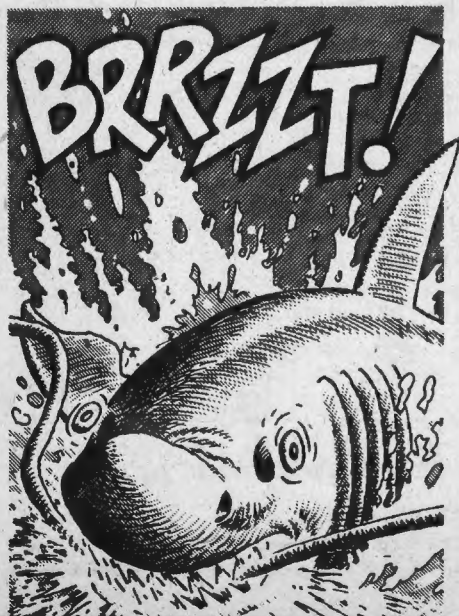
Dear CRACKED,

As a lover of sharks, thanks so much for JAWS 2.

Milton Lewis  
Flagstaff, Arizona

Dear Milton,

Don't mention it—and if you haven't gotten your fill yet (and who has), why not check out our special EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SHARKS COLLECTORS' EDITION; on your newsstand now!



Dear CRACKED,

Wow! Is it true? I just saw CRACKED bubble gum cards in the store!

Frank Gruskoff  
Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Frank,

It sure is. Each package gives you a stick of gum to chew plus 6 cards and a sticker to collect. Or, if you're weird, 6 cards to chew and a wad of gum to collect!



Dear CRACKED,

Cloning: The Advantages and The Disadvantages was really funny.

Cloning: The Advantages and The Disadvantages was really funny.

Mark Lowell  
Mark Lowell  
Augusta, Ga.

Dear Mark and Mark,  
Our thanks to both of you.

Dear CRACKED,

I've been meaning to write to you for a long time, but have kept putting it off because I didn't know what to say.

Linda Sheriden  
Pierre, S. D.

Dear Linda,

We're so glad you got it straightened out!

Dear CRACKED,

How come you never give straight answers to any of these letters?

David La Rango  
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear David,

Our secretary misplaced the office ruler.



Dear CRACKED,

Has any of the art in your magazine ever made it into one of America's great art museums?

David Berger  
St. Petersburg, Fl.

Dear David,

All the time. Why just last week a copy of CRACKED was found lying on the floor in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art!

Dear CRACKED,

You know you're a skateboard freak when you read YOU KNOW YOU'RE A SKATEBOARD FREAK WHEN three times in a row.

Les Caldwell  
Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Les,

While on a skateboard, of course.

**NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #156  
ON SALE AT YOUR  
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND  
SEPTEMBER 26TH**



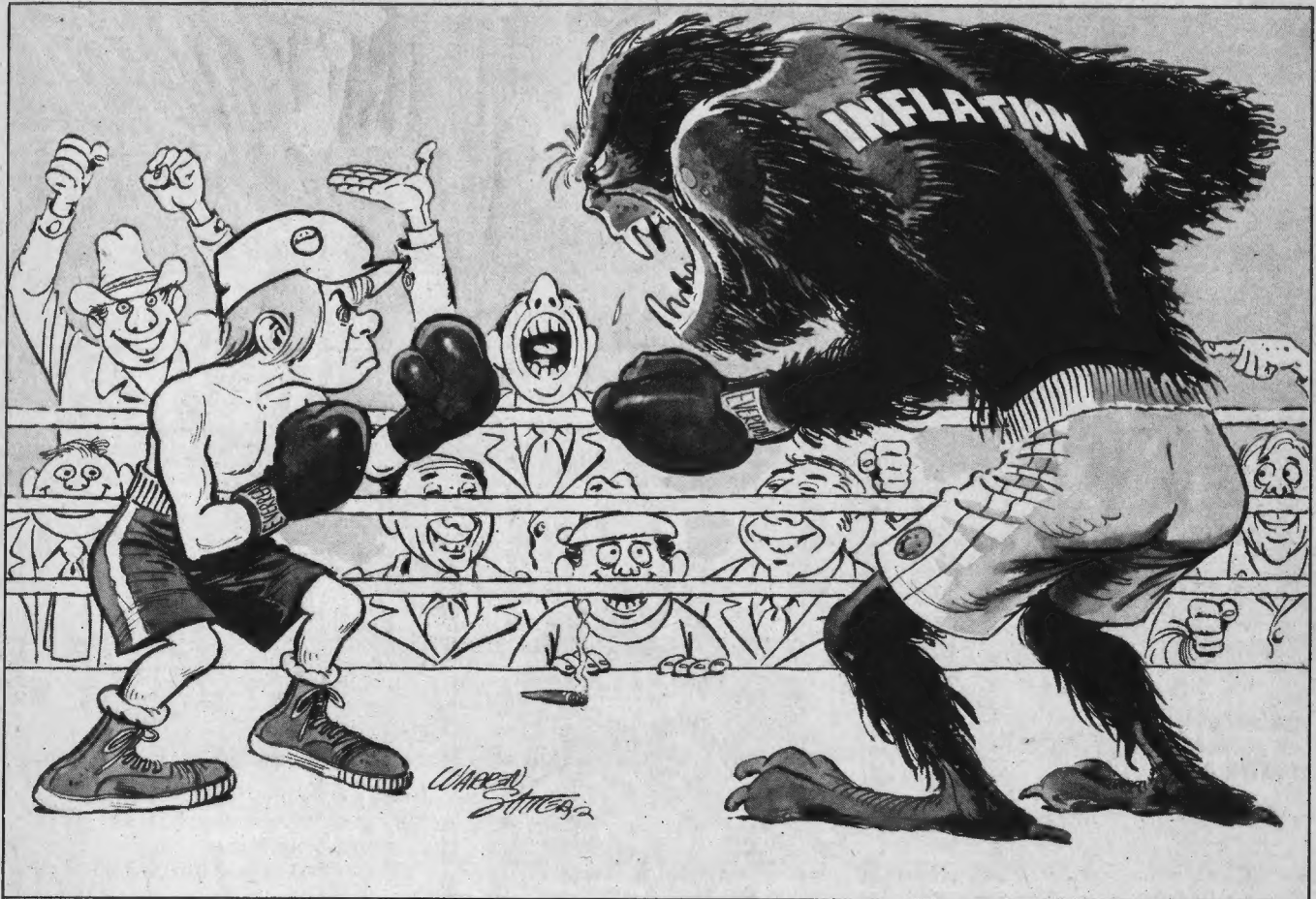


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One Day In The  
Editorial Offices Of  
**CRACKED** Magazine

Buzzby, look at this. **CRACKED** #155 is all set  
for the printer and we **still** don't have a **lead**  
article. An **idea**—we need an **idea**, Buzzby.

OK, how about **this** boss.  
Since sequels are so **big**  
these days, why don't  
we create



# THE GREATEST SEQUEL EVER MADE



After the above title is flashed,  
we're ready to switch to the  
offices of the Godfodder where  
we pick up our tale.

Godfodder, I found this **tail** outside your  
office, so I picked it up.

Forget that. It's your  
**base ball team**  
I wanna discuss. I've  
been the owner of the  
**Bad News Bores** for 3  
years now and...

I know! We've  
never won  
a game.

I could **live** with that if it wasn't for  
the fact you even **lost** last night—  
**playing yourselves!!**

There's only one solution—I'm  
**hiring** a new coach who'll **re-**  
**vamp** your entire team.  
Calamary—send him in!

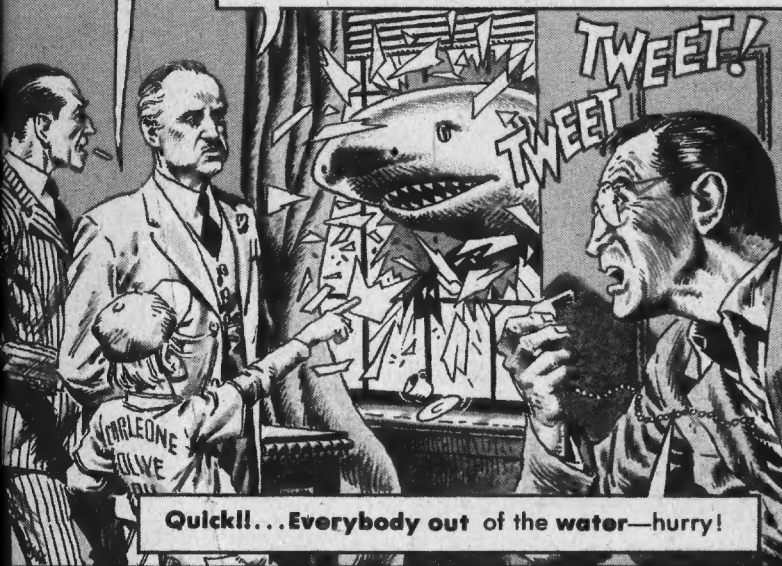


SEVERIN



Ahhhhh!  
That...  
that's...

Bruce, The Great White—your new mascot. I figure he can give our team the bite it needs. And running around next to him is your new coach—Sheriff Bromo.



Quick!!...Everybody out of the water—hurry!

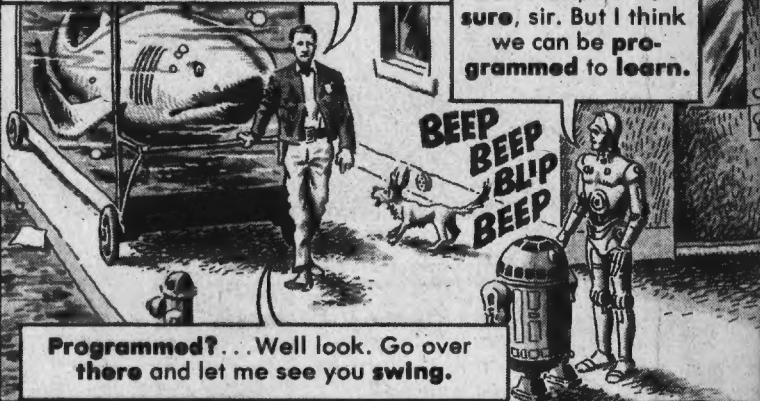


And so Bromo and Bruce go about recruiting new members for the losing ball team.

R2D2, you've done it again. We were supposed to go out to buy Master Skystalker his morning paper, but somehow you jettied us to another planet.

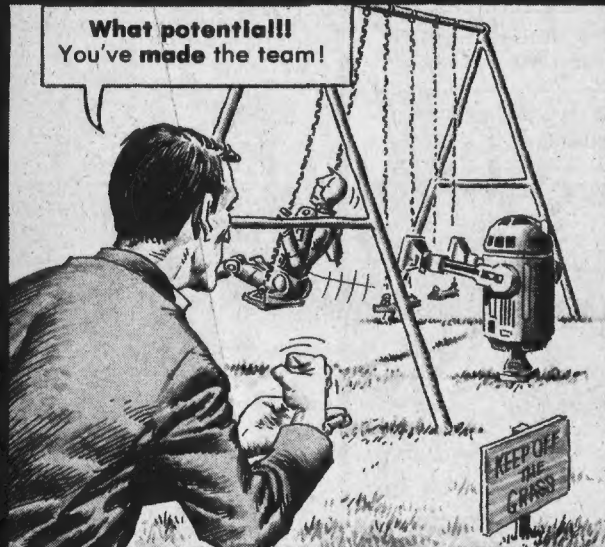
Hi there kids—I like your tin coats. You and your brother there know how to play ball?

Ball? Oh, I'm not sure, sir. But I think we can be programmed to learn.

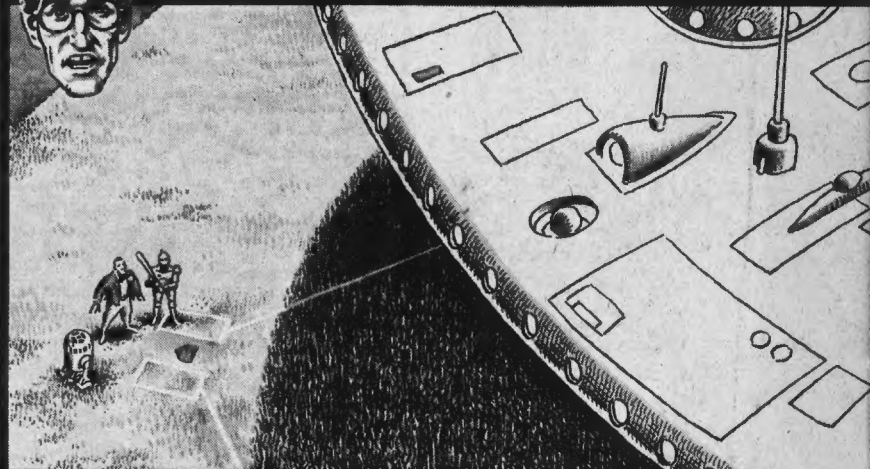


Programmed?... Well look. Go over there and let me see you swing.

What potential!!!  
You've made the team!



OK, we've got the readers hooked, so now, suddenly, from out of the sky we introduce.



Hey man! Watch it!! Your exhaust fumes are makin' my star player here all sooty!

Sorry. Are you Sheriff Bromo?

Yeah.



I was asked by your Godfodder to help you with some "out-of-town" recruiting.

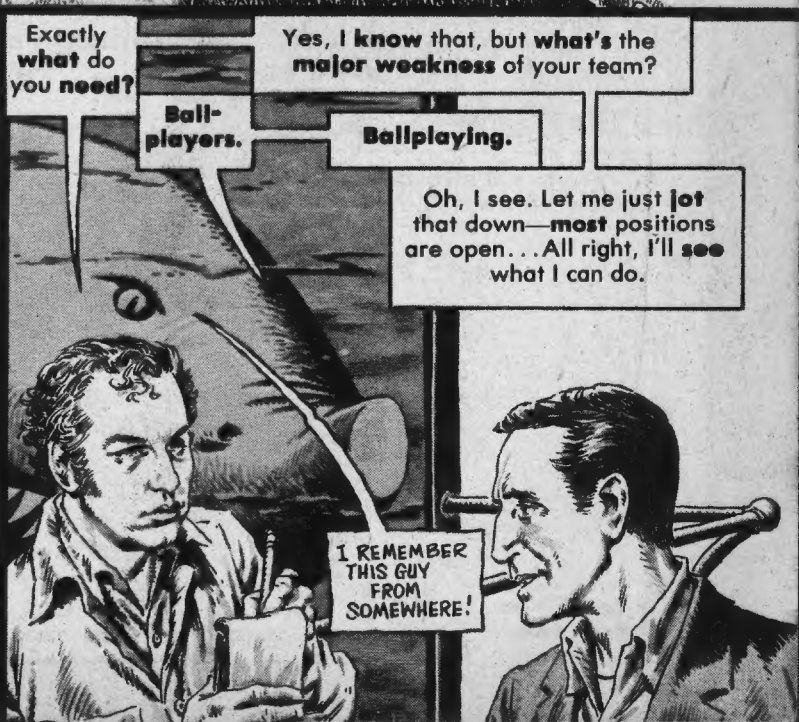
Exactly what do you need?

Yes, I know that, but what's the major weakness of your team?

Ball-players.

Ballplaying.

Oh, I see. Let me just jot that down—most positions are open... All right, I'll see what I can do.



I REMEMBER THIS GUY FROM SOMEWHERE!



OK you guys! Now let's try some... **HEY! YOU, OVER THERE. GET AWAY FROM THAT CAR.**

Relax. I was only **lookin'** at your **engine**.

But you pulled it **out** from **underneath** my **hood**.

Yeah, well I **forgot** my **glasses** and was just **movin'** it closer so I don't **strain** ma **eyes**.

Who are **you** any-way?

Oh, that **greasy** kid. You know how to **use** a **baseball bat**?

A little. I once **beat up** a **gum machine** with one.

**Dandy Zooko.**

Close enough. **How'd** you like to **join** my **little league** team?

I'm kinda **big**, ain't I?

How'd you like to **spend** the next **63 years** in **prison** for **loitering** with the **intent** to **steal** my **engine**?

Meanwhile on the planet **Scuppernong**.

Greetings, **Scuppernongians**. I **return** in **peace**.

Welcome back to our **planet**, **Royboy**. What have you **come** for this time?

Your **son**. I think he'd make an excellent **fielder** for my **Godfodder's** **little league** team.

Quite.

What **position** do you want me to **play**?

Are you **sure**?

And as Royboy travels back, Sheriff Bromo has run across yet another prospective player whom he decides to test.

OK, the play's at second. Quick **Chewie**, throw it. Throw it.

Not the **base**, you clone—the **ball**. The **ball**.

**WHAP!**

Bruce, I just don't **know** what to **do** about this **team**. I...

I'll teach you. Take **that**—and **that**—and...

Hey, **break** it up.. **Break** it up.

**WAK!**



I want **you** and **you** to stop this... wait a minute.  
That's a **water fountain**.

Yeah. It **sprayed** me in the **eye**, so I  
was **beatin'** it up.

I don't like **violence**.

Why, you got something **against**  
**stringed instruments**?

Not **violins**—**violence**!!

Sorry **punk**, but I'm **runnin'** you in for **assaulting**  
a **public drinking fountain**.

But Sheriff, **please!** I got **two turtles** to  
**support** at home. Any **punishment** but that!

All right—you can **play** on my **little**  
**league team** instead.

Oh **tanks**, Sheriff—and to  
**show** you my **appreciation**,  
I'm gonna **talk** my **buddy**  
into **signin'** up too. He's  
da **guy** standin' over **dere**  
by dose **two girl scouts**—  
**samplin'** dere **cookies**.

I don't see any  
**girl scouts**—just  
some **blob**.

Uh oh. **Somethin'** tells  
me he went a **little**  
**overboard** with his  
**samplin'**.

And so the **Bores** had a  
whole new team.

which, at last was on  
its way to a winning season.  
Their **fielding** was **exceptional**.

**BAD NEWS BORE**  
SPONSORED BY  
**CORLEONE**  
**OLIVE OIL CO.**

**POP!**

And when it failed, other assets  
of the team were used.

And it's a **slow dribble-hit** down  
the **third base line**. The **Tiger's #26**  
is running to first—there's the  
**throw**—he **slides**...

And he's **OUT**... as the **Bore's**  
first **baseman** eats him just  
seconds **before** touching the  
**bag**. What a **play**!!

Finally, the team wins the  
championship and is flown  
to Japan for the **Little League**  
**World Series**.

That was one **coffee**, an **oil malted**  
and a **dozen dead files**.

**SO LONG,  
SUCKER!**





But before landing, catastrophe strikes.

Your attention please. A mad bomber has blown a hole in the rear of our aircraft at almost the same moment as our collision with a Concord 747. We are losing altitude and should be crashing into flames in about 5 seconds. Except for this minor inconvenience, we hope you've enjoyed flying Crumbun Airlines and, should you survive, we hope you'll fly with us again real soon.

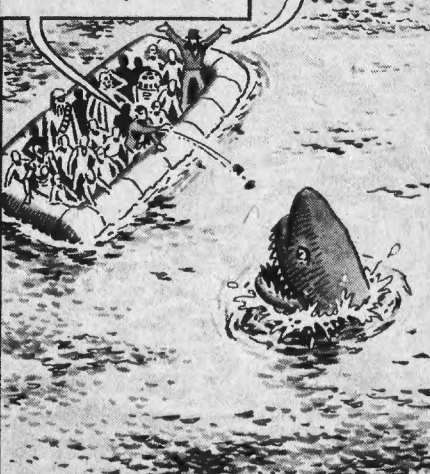
Quick, Bruce. Into the water. You've got to save the team... We can't crash... Godfodder will be very angry—all of our team's uniforms are rented.



Good work, Bruce. Here, have this yummy as a reward.

Sheriff, dat yummy you gave him—dose were my turtles.

Oh! Sorry, Rocky.



Finally, they arrive and check into their hotel rooms.

Coach, I know our team's traveling on a tight budget...



...but this room you got us is ridiculous.

CROAK ROOM

Men, today's the big game. I wish I had something inspiring to say...

How 'bout tellin' us how Ban fights wetness!

I said Inspiring, Rockhead, not perspiring.

Oh... Sorry Coach.



Complain! Complain! Complain! Your hook is padded, isn't it?





Now, let's get out there and...

**FIRE!**

Oh no. Sir, this **122-floor**, luxury hotel has turned into a **flaming inferno**.

Bring those **fire hoses** down around here and—hey, it's you.

Well, hi there.

You designed the **last inferno** me and my men had to **put out**.

I know... and I **apologize**. However, to make it up to you, **this time**, I came **prepared to help**.

Sir, there's a **ball team** trapped in a **coat room** on the **111th floor**.

Did you try getting them out?

I did sir, but I didn't have enough **change** to **tip the check girl** with.

What luck.

I'm afraid that the **ball team** is just gonna have to **burn**. We can't put the fire out and this time there's no **water tanks** on **top of the building** to save us.

Wait!! Would a **huge wind** be enough to **smother those flames**?

I think so.

OK—wheel him in!

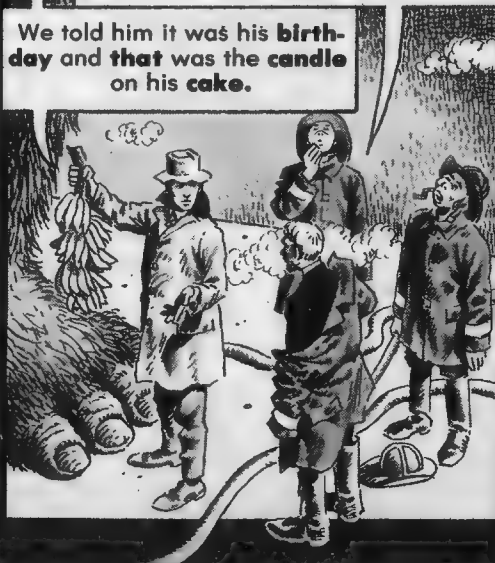
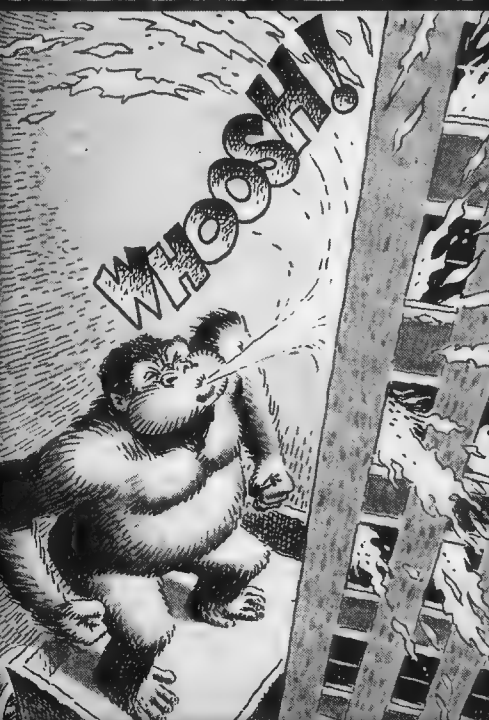
Good work, Kong.

How'd you trick him into blowing the **fire out** without **eating everyone inside**?

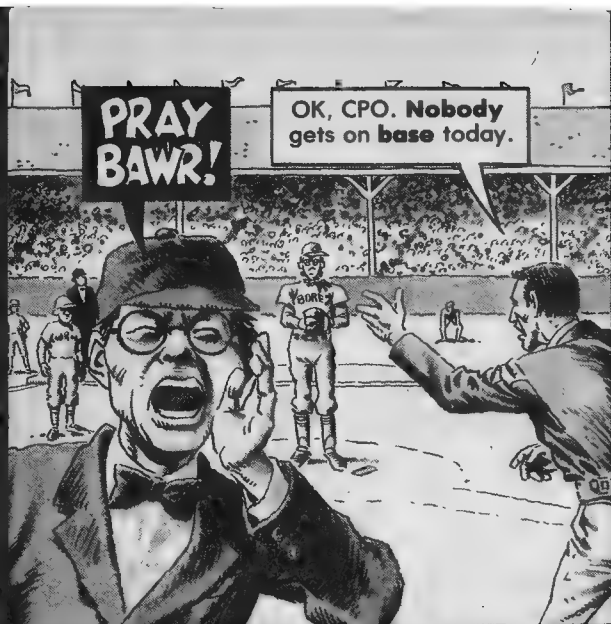
We told him it was his **birth-day** and that was the **candle** on his cake.

That was a **close one**—and with only **11 minutes** to go before **game time**. **Quick!** Let's get over to that **stadium** so we can...

DOOM







The game progresses until finally one out remains.

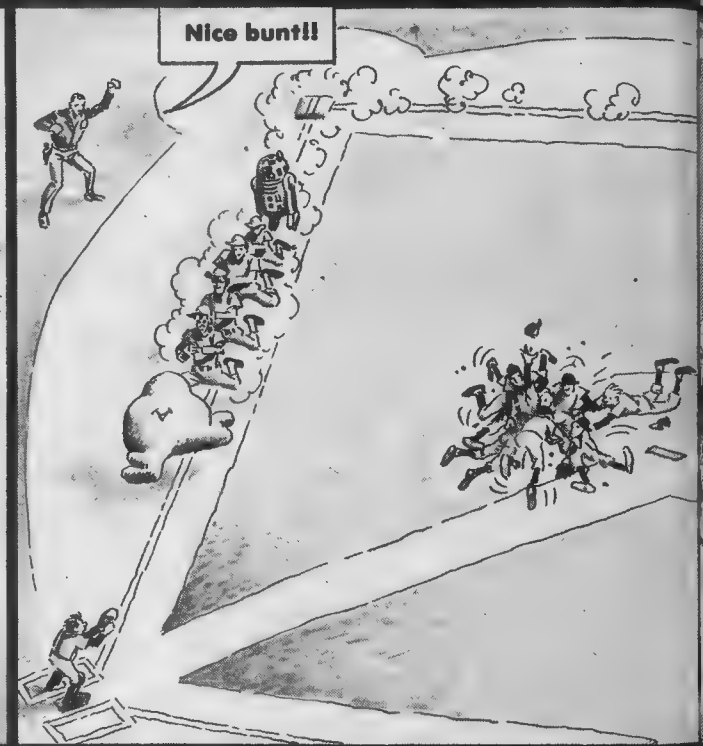
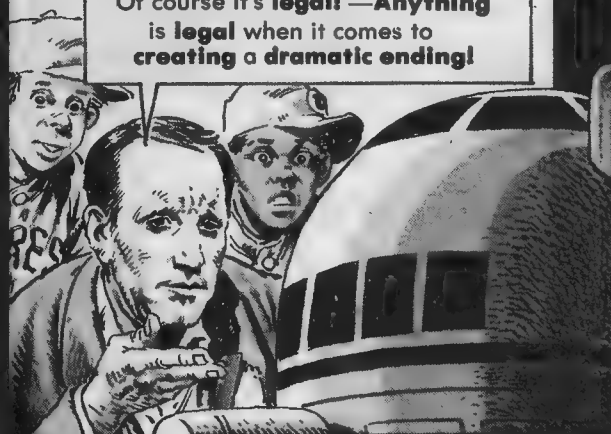
R2D2, the score's 5-0, there's 2 out and you're the winning run.

**BEEP BLIP BEEUP**

How do I figure that? Well, there's the talking blob on first, CPO on second, and three men on third.

**BLIP BLIP BEEP BLAP**

Of course it's legal! —Anything is legal when it comes to creating a dramatic ending!



And as the team chants "We're No. 1," we flash "THE END" onto our last panel and fade to black. Well, what do you think?

Think? Why, Buzzby, it's great... sensational! In fact, I think it's so good—let's plan a sequel to it!



Do you think there's a market for it?

NO!!

MERCY!!

NEVER!!

NO MORE SEQUELS, PLEASE!!



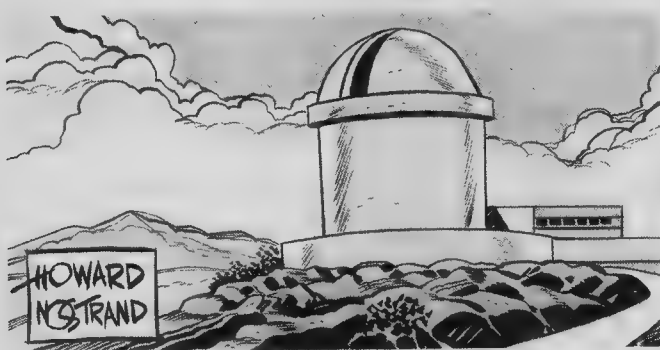
LET'S SEE SOMETHING ORIGINAL FOR A CHANGE!!!

TH'END



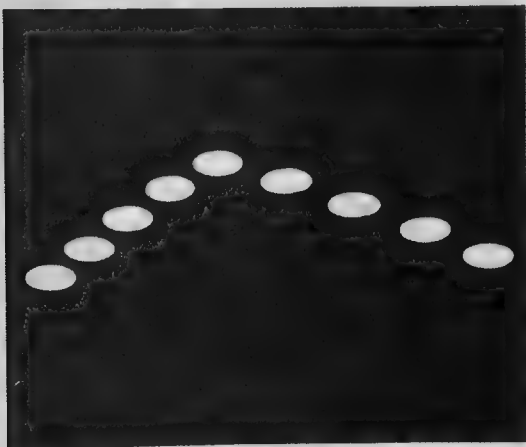
Because of movies such as Close Encounters and TV shows like Project UFO, there has been much in the news lately on whether or not these flying objects really exist. Well, recently THIS magazine (the one you're reading now, dummy) sent out a team of experts to look into the matter. And after endless questioning, picture-taking and torturing of witnesses (in research lasting well over 11 minutes) we put together our findings in one compact report entitled

# THE CRACKED INVESTIGATION OF THE UFO PHENOMENON

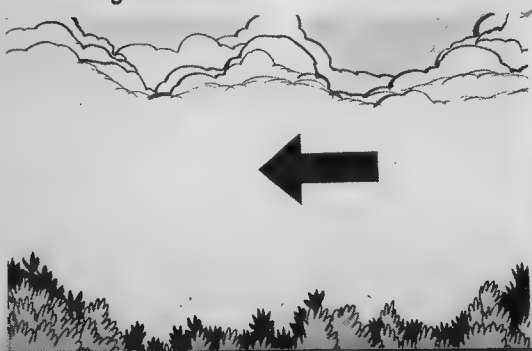


Our investigation began here at the Wakefield Planetarium where, since it's opening in 1970, over 200 UFO sightings have been reported **inside** the building alone!

...followed later by an entire fleet of flashing, bright objects. (see photo below)



**OCTOBER 19, 1978:** Another sighting. According to N.Y.U. student, Steve Jackson, when he first spotted the above UFO, he had **barely** enough time to **run** back home, **get** his keys, **hop** in his car, **drive** to his dorm, **grab** his camera, **drive** back to the planetarium, and **snap** this photo virtually seconds before the last falling object **disappeared** behind a grove of trees.



**OCTOBER 16, 1978:** The first UFO to be sighted **outside** the planetarium! High atop the observatory deck, U.C.L.A. astronomy students stared in amazement at a passing UFO...

In a public interview, Sheriff Mel Kayway simply shrugged them off as being a flock of **flashlight-wielding geese** flying south for the winter.



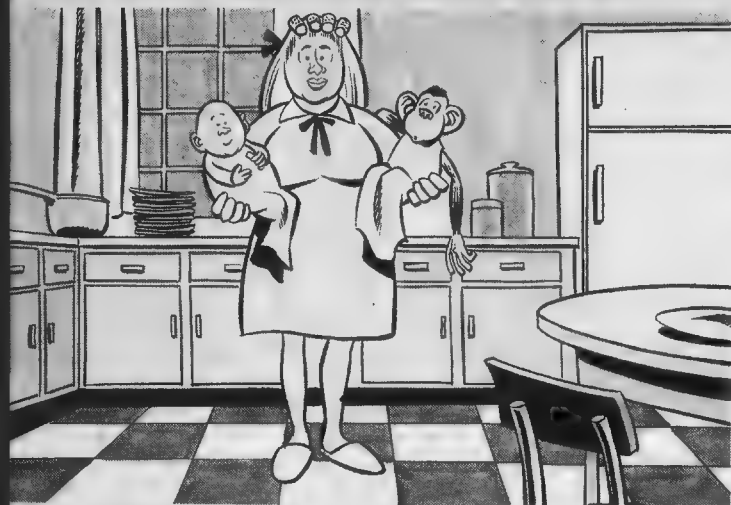
On the same night in another location, **Mickey Mental**, recently released from the Newark Institution for the Hopelessly Insane, said he was there when the falling saucer landed and that an unearthly being was at the controls. Even during a polygraph test, Mental **still** claimed he could see the little green-eyed creature—**despite** being blindfolded.

After investigating the case, immigration official, Emma Grant was positive that the green-eyed creature which Mental had seen was an **out-of-towner**... perhaps even from another solar system. Or, as Mental put it, an "illegal alien."





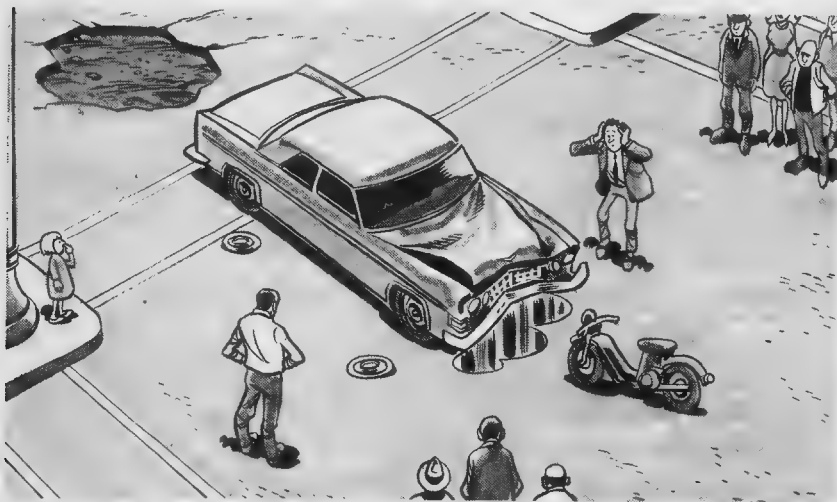
# MERE COINCIDENCE?



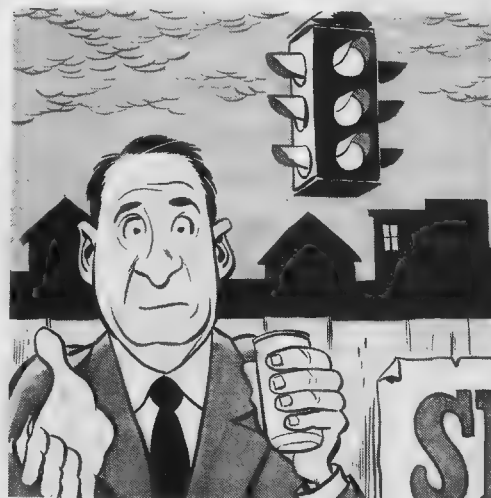
Meanwhile, in still another part of town, while Mickey Mental was having his alleged Martian encounter, Mrs. Mental was giving birth to a pair of **baby boys**...even though she had not been pregnant! Were the children a coincidence—or just figments of everyone's imagination??



Several days later, Dr. Sanford of M.I.T. examined x-rays of a humanoid head found in the same swamp where Mental had spotted the three-eyed creature. Said Dr. Sanford, "This is unlike **any** human skull I have **ever** seen. It **had** to come from **another** planet."



Another strange occurrence on the night of Mental's alien confrontation was this collision that occurred at an intersection one-half mile away.



One of the drivers in the wreck, **Mack Truk**, claimed that upon entering the intersection, he was distracted by a red, green and yellow flashing light in the sky.

Although most UFO landing sites are discovered in remote areas, Air Force officials can find no logical explanation for this huge depression found close behind Mr. Truk's damaged Cadillac. The **incredible** depth of the crater indicates it could **not** have been caused by the two colliding vehicles.

In addition, lying only inches from the front wheel of the first car, Air Force investigators found a **metallic object**, part of what they believe to be the **remains** of the **saucer** which made the unexplained crater.



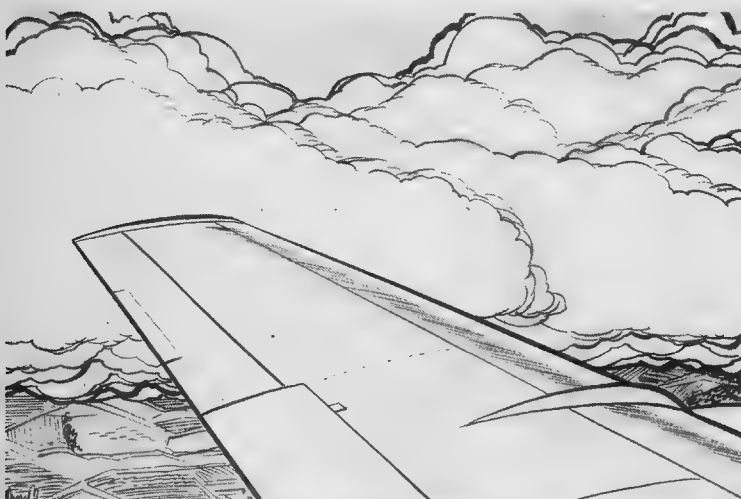




And in still a fourth part of town on that same fateful night, Foster Walker was strolling down a Manhattan alley between 2 high-rise parking garages when he snapped **this** incredible photo.



Several witnesses, including Walker, say they saw a **strange man** emerge from the grounded vehicle on the roof of one of the buildings. After months of studies, a UFO investigative team disclosed that the man has **no home, no family, no military record, and in fact, no birth record.** For this reason **many** of his fellow employees at Bernie's Garage have **serious doubts** as to whether he **actually** exists.



**OCTOBER 16, 1978:** Amateur photographer Camera-on Mitchell took this picture while sunning himself on the wing of a 747 during a recent flight to Miami. The unusual shot was taken just **seconds** after a disc-shaped aircraft passed **out of the range** of his viewfinder.



At first Mitchell (above) was hesitant to bring the photo to proper authorities for **fear of public ridicule** (and understandably so, as Mitchell is certainly **no ace** with the camera.)

During the same flight, Mitchell also shot this aerial photograph of New York City at the time of the reported UFO landing. At that **precise** moment (as photo clearly shows) traffic throughout the metropolitan area was at a **complete standstill**. Was this the result of a UFO—or did it have something to do with the fact that rush hour traffic is **always** like that in New York?



**CONCLUSIONS:**  
After studying all of the evidence presented here, our **CRACKED** team of **experts** has come up with the **following** conclusion: "The **price** of **paper** for these reports is outrageous!"



# THE CRACKED

Well, this is it.  
Your **first day of camp!**

You be sure and  
**take care of**  
yourself.

It's **great** being  
out in the **woods**  
**backpacking** again.

Yeah. I've been  
waiting **all year**  
for this.

I actually **missed** the  
taste of **freeze-dried**  
**food** and **hiking** to  
the **tops** of mountains...

And not **shaving** or  
**washing** for a week!  
What a life!... Could  
you **hand** me that **stake?**

And if  
it **rains**,  
wear your  
**slicker**.

And if it **stops** raining,  
take it **off** so you  
don't **sweat** and **rot**  
the **rubber!**

For **once**, **Harry** came  
with us to the **beach**  
and little **Petie** is  
so **thrilled**.

It is. In fact, right now **Harry**  
is letting little **Petie** bury  
him in the **sand**—oh, I bet  
he **remembers** this day for a  
**long time** to come.

Well, it's **good** for  
**fathers** and **sons**  
to **do** things  
**together**.

READ  
CRACKED

SAND  
GRAVEL  
COMPANY

I'm **sure** he will.

and **do** what your **counselor**  
tells you.

And son, if you  
**remember**, how 'bout  
**writing** us.

Do I **have**  
to **dad?**

This summer,  
**Eileen**, you can  
**help** me with  
the **garden**.

Sure **Grandma**.

First, we've got  
to **turn over** the  
**soil** with the  
**shovels** and **hoes**.

And then we  
**pluck out** all  
the **weeds**.

I'll be  
**home** by  
**4:30!**

WIGGLY WORM

BUS  
STOP



# WORLD OF SUMMER

I hope you don't mind me **inviting** those **three** other **guys** along.

Well, to be honest...

Russ and Gary seem to fit right in—the rough, unshaven mountaineer type. But that guy Marvin...

Somehow I think he's more of a **city slicker** than an **outdoorsman**.

Guys, do you have time to **polish my shoes** before dinner?

Ma, remember how you were saying last night that I was **shirking my responsibilities** just because it was **summer**...

...and how I had been **ignoring my chores**—like **watering the lawn**.

Yes, I recall that.

Well, you won't have to worry about the lawn being **thirsty** again.

Why's that?

The **pool** just **broke**.



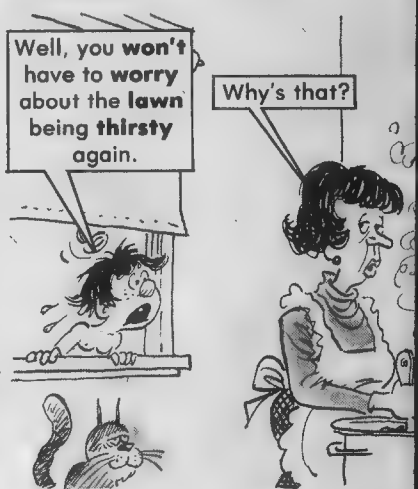
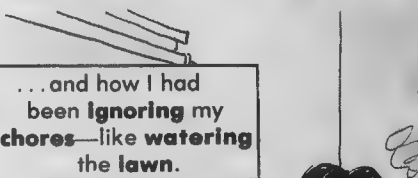
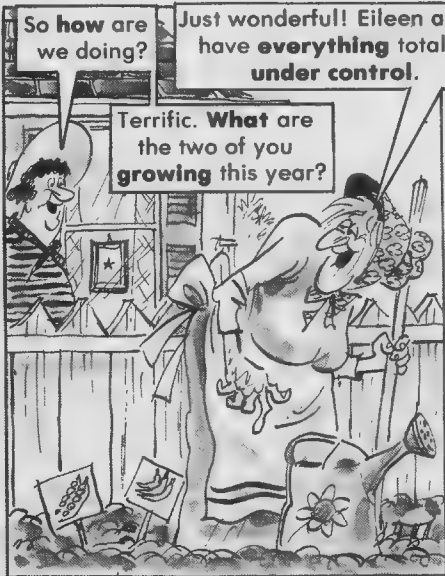
And I'll plant the **seeds** while you fill the wheelbarrow with **fertilizer**.

So how are we doing?

Just wonderful! Eileen and I have **everything** totally **under control**.

Terrific. What are the two of you growing this year?

Extremely tired!



All right **ladies and gentlemen**. The tour bus will be stopping at the **Washington Monument** for 81 minutes. Feel free to look around and climb to the top...

JUST 1,500 MORE STEPS TO THE TOP

WASHINGTON NEVER SLEPT HERE

And now we're approaching **New York City**. Tonight we'll be having **dinner**, seeing a **show**, going to a **night club** and then **catching a late movie** before leaving for **Boston at 6 A.M.**

TWEEET



This summer, **Debbie**, you're getting into **shape** instead of **lying around** this **pool** all day long.

But I like **sunbathing**. It gives me an **even tan** and makes me look **good**.

Yes, but **looking good** and **feeling good** are two different things.

Now I **don't** expect you to get out **everyday** like I do, but there's gotta be **some sport** you can **enjoy** once or twice a week.

What about **tennis**?

All my **outfits** clash with the **colors** of the **court**.





# YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN A

...the ballpoint pens aren't chained to the desks, but the tellers are!



...the bank president always keeps a car running in the back alley!



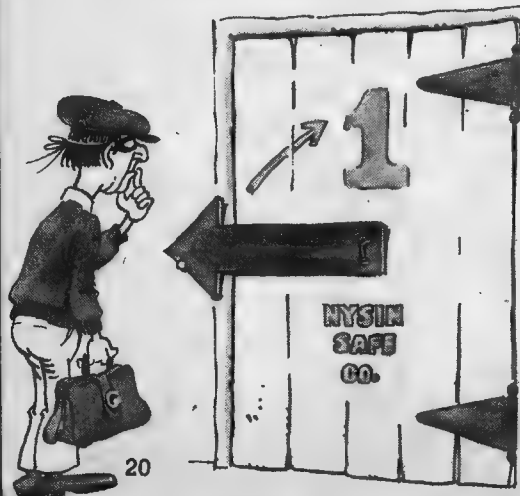
...the banks armored car doubles as a fresh fruit stand!



...the coins are rolled up in old socks!



...the combination to the safe is one number!



...printed on the outside of every safety deposit box are the words "Thom McCann 8 1/2 Triple E."



...the banks pays interest from "day of deposit to day of embezzlement!"





# TACKY BANK WHEN...

...the hidden security camera is a Kodak Instamatic!



...the bank can't break a twenty!



...the bank guard's gun leaks water!



CRACKED is returning a pound cake to the store because it weighs less than a pound!

...the bank's only records are the soundtrack to Star Wars and Vic Damone, Live at the Copal!



...you ask for change of a ten and get back two fours and a three!



...you ask for a student loan and two days later they loan you one!



...the tellers wear masks to conceal their identity!

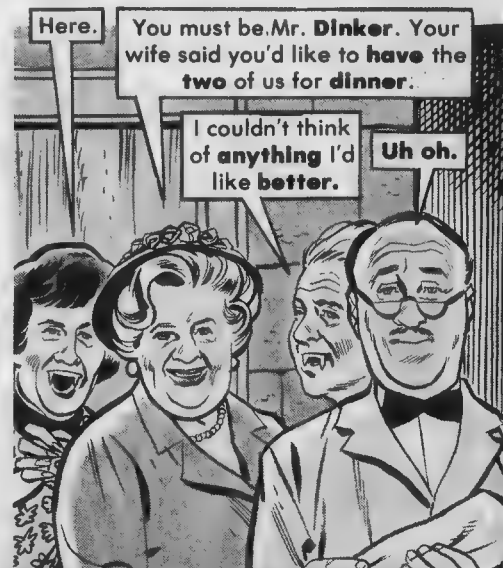
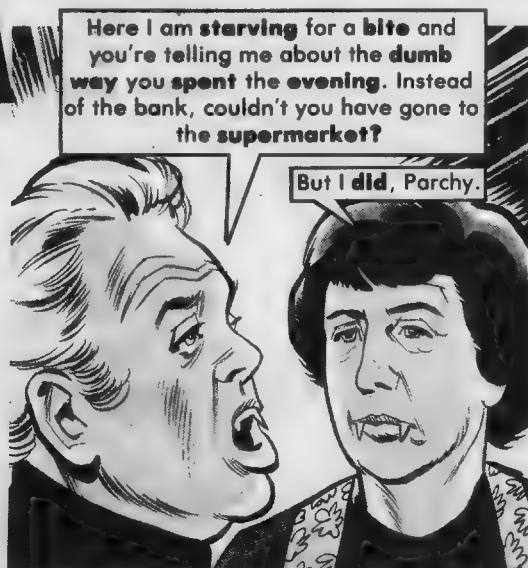
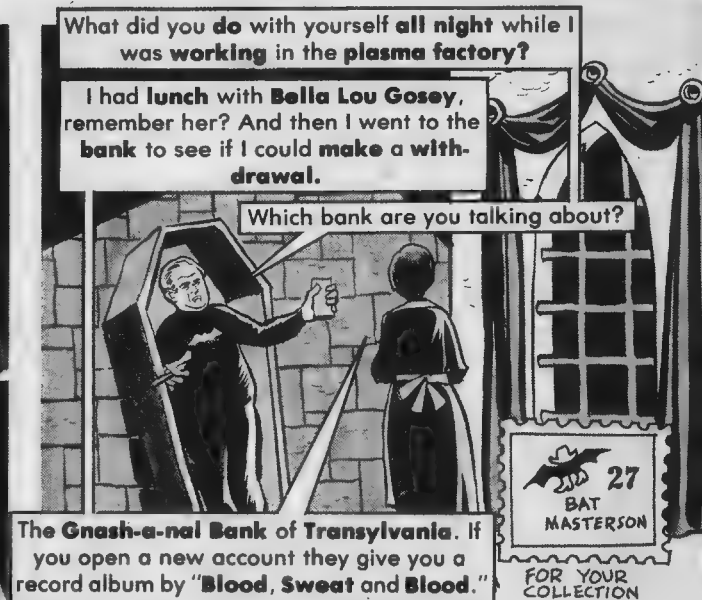
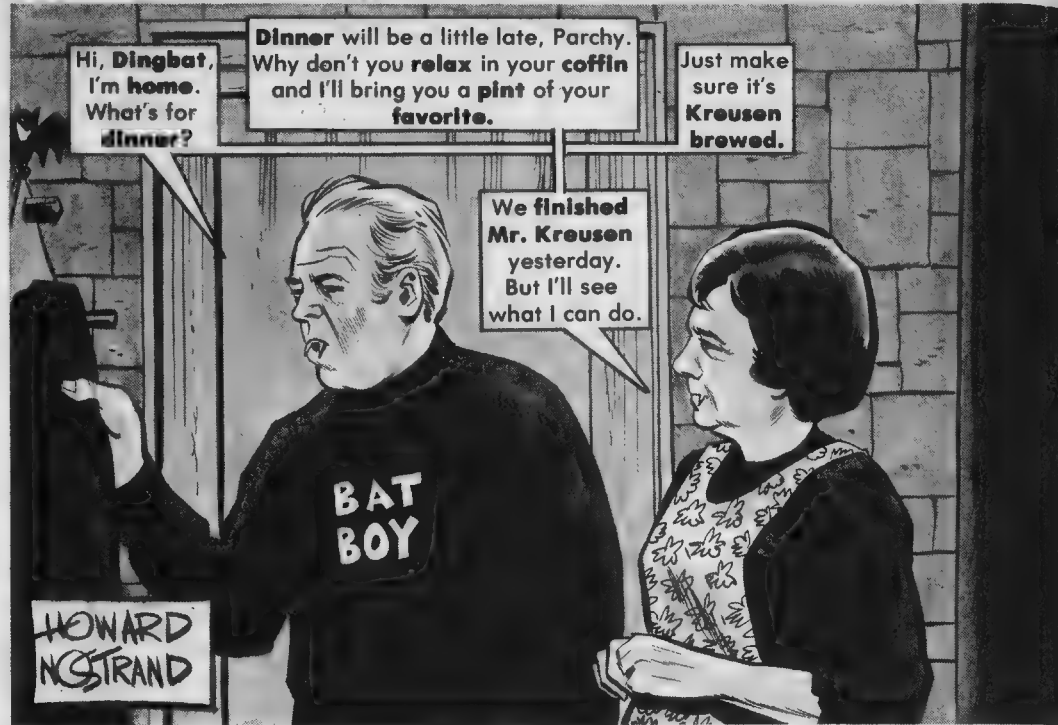


With TV writers always looking for new blood for the boob, we might one day see a Dracula-inspired situation comedy—ALL IN THE BELFRY.



Do you suffer from iron deficiency anemia? Do you have tired blood? If your answer is yes... it could be due to the fact that Dracula is all over town lately. The old no account, Count has returned in plays, movies and TV dramas with a fatal attraction for a whole new generation. Everyone is going batty over the lusty old vampire. And if this fascination with the not so dear departed continues, CRACKED predicts that Dracula will be draining even more profits from the cultural scene. Where will it all lead us to? You'll soon find out as

# CRACKED PUTS THE BITE ON DRACULA





And also on the horizon are vampire-inspired comedians.



And let's not overlook these vampire-inspired albums that may soon be flying up the charts.



CRACKED is asking a songwriter which he writes first...  
the lyrics or the words!

The Original Movie Sound Track

# SATURDAY FLIGHT FEVER



Featuring the hit song that  
took Transylvania by storm,

**"Flight Fever"**  
by the Bat Gees.

Also includes:

**"How Deep  
Is Your Blood"**

**"Stayin' Alive"**  
(after you're dead)

# Deathrow Tull



**"Till The Night Comes"**  
**"Fangs For The Memory"**  
**"Ghoul Of My Dreams"**  
**"Once Too Coffin"**

And these famous vampire sayings will soon be sweeping the nation.

"There's a **sucker**  
born every minute!"



"I'd rather **bite**  
than be President!"



"Blood is thicker  
than Coca-Cola!"

Are you kidding?  
There are no vampires.

Watch it, kid.  
I'm the real thing.







And finally, with vampires and vampiresses very much in Vogue (also in Red Book and Harper's Bizarre,) it won't be long before everyone will want to get into the act. How? Just remember these three things.



Well, summer is back with us again and the odds of you turning nice and brown are probably tan to one. It's also the time of year when people get together and eat outside and do all the off-the-wall things you'll

# A CRACKED LOOK AT A

The van is here with the heated hors d'oeuvres.

What kind of van transports hot foods?

An "o" van!

Hey, wait! This is croquet. You can't use that duck to hit the ball!

Why not? It's a mallard!

XYC Z' YIK ZOZA BARPH!

HE'S ASKING THE FIREPLUG, WHAT'S A BAR-B-QUE?

How com keeps each p

F He

Yes, there's nothing like a barbecue—that great charcoal taste. How'd you like your spaghetti, Al?

How 'bout served inside a thick, juicy hamburger!

So what's your husband barbecuing for us?

Spaghettii!

And with the price of meat, Harold said we're just gonna have to start boycotting again.



Of course, summer is more than just Coppertone and the beach.  
Find them doing here, as we take

# BACKYARD BARBECUE

Uncle Henry  
brushing off  
plate before  
passing it?

force of habit—  
he's an umpire!

Tell me, Melinda,  
what do you plan  
to do when you get  
to be as big as  
your mother?

Diet!

How long has  
your father  
been working  
for my father?

Ever since  
he threatened  
to fire him!

Why are you  
chasing Rover  
and Walter all  
over the yard,  
Michael?

So we can have  
some hot dogs  
with dinner.

What's  
he  
doing?

Serving  
the  
ball!

That Joey  
is such a kiddo—  
even while  
playing  
volleyball.

You've never  
been to one  
of Harold's  
barbecues  
before?!!

No, I was  
sick the last  
two times.

Oh, then you  
have been  
to one!

And pollution—  
it costs  
taxpayers  
millions  
each year.

Well, it just  
goes to prove—  
grime doesn't pay!

Did you hear  
what they awarded  
the inventor of  
the door knocker?

Oh! That  
kind of  
pool!

Wasn't  
it the  
no bell  
prize?

Oh my gosh!  
What's that  
fly doing  
in the  
salad?

Committing suicide  
if you ask me!

Your parents  
have had the  
pool for 16  
years!—Why  
don't they  
trade it in?

Because dad  
believes that  
there's no pool  
like an old pool!

Billy, where's your  
little brother?...  
Is he OK? I don't  
see him!... He  
can't swim!

Why are you  
planting  
that dollar  
bill?

I wanna  
see my  
money  
grow.

Relax ma,  
I got him—  
right here  
by the hand!

**First came super rats who developed an immunity to poisons. And one day other unwanted pests could develop similar defense mechanisms. Up until now mankind has been winning the war against pests, but all this may soon change when...**

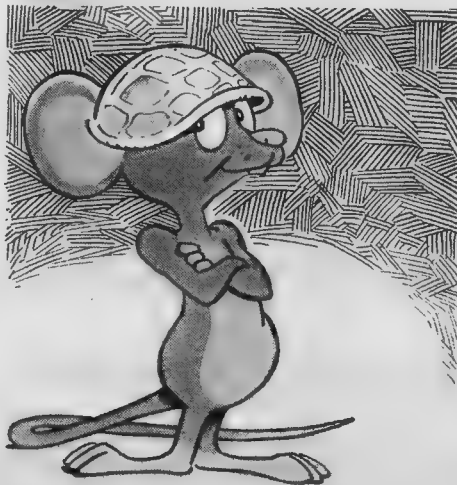
# VER

**SINCE THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION, MOUSE TRAPS HAVE BEEN CLOBBERING MICE.**



WARREN SALTER

**BY THE YEAR 2000, MICE MIGHT DEVELOP AN EXTRA LAYER OF BONE ON THEIR HEADS SIMILAR TO TURTLE SHELLS...**



**...THAT WAY WHEN A MOUSE TRAP CLOBBERS THEM, THEY WON'T FEEL A THING.**



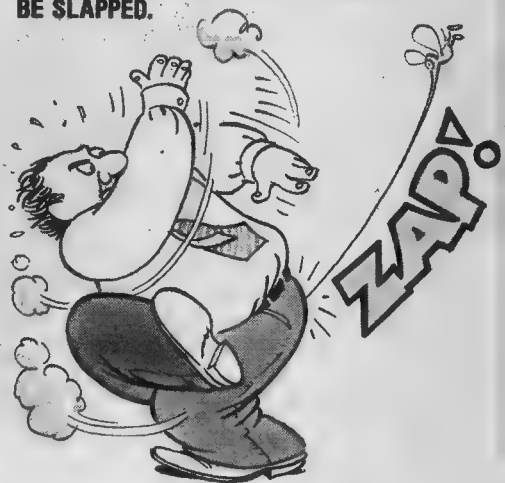
**SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME, MEN HAVE BEEN SLAPPING MOSQUITOES.**



**FUTURE MOSQUITOES WILL PROBABLY DEVELOP EXTRA LONG FLEXIBLE SNUOTS...**



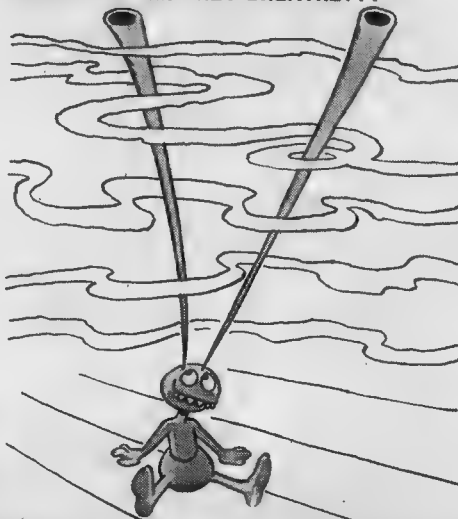
**...ALLOWING THEM TO BITE PEOPLE WITHOUT GETTING CLOSE ENOUGH TO BE SLAPPED.**



**TO GET RID OF TERMITES, MODERN MAN FUMIGATES.**



**BUT SOMEDAY, TERMITES MIGHT DEVELOP HOLLOW ANTENNAS ON THEIR HEADS, LIKE SNORKELS, WHICH WILL FILTER THE AIR THEY BREATHE...**



**...THEN FUMIGATION WILL NO LONGER BE EFFECTIVE.**





# MIN FIGHT BACK

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, FLIES HAVE BEEN GETTING STUCK ON FLY-PAPER.



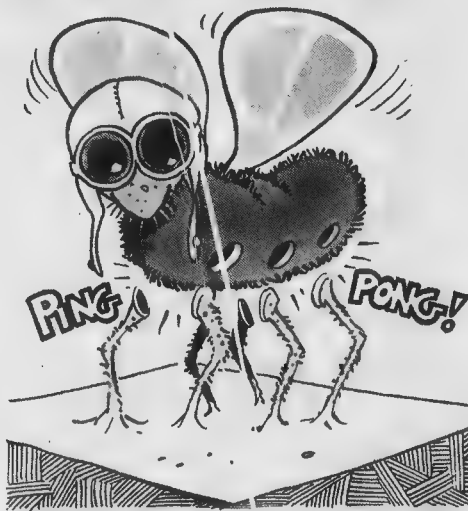
FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN STEPPING ON ANTS ACCIDENTALLY AND SQUASHING THEM.



PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SWATTING MOTHS FOR CENTURIES.



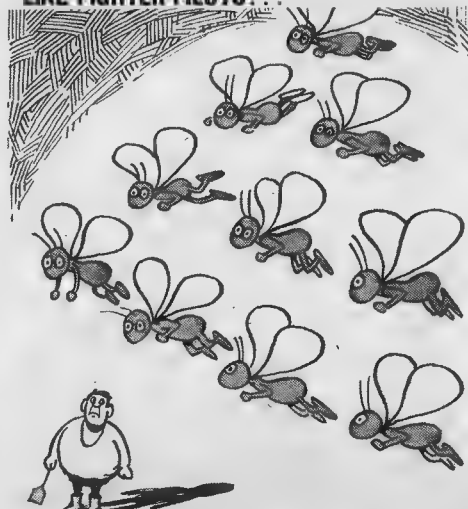
HOWEVER, IN THE NEAR FUTURE, FLIES MAY DEVELOP DETACHABLE LANDING GEAR THAT GROW BACK...



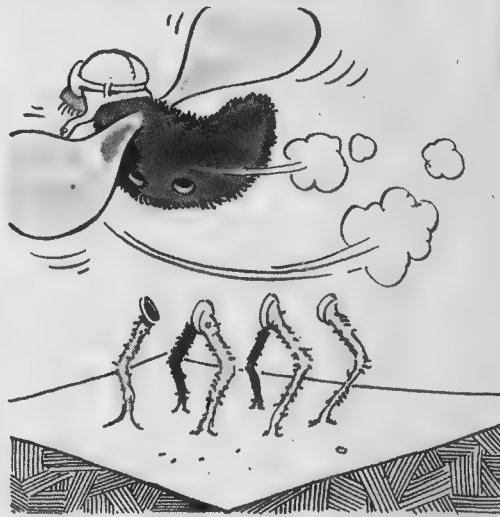
MODERN ANTS WILL HAVE THE STRENGTH TO LIFT OBJECTS MANY TIMES THEIR OWN WEIGHT AND SIZE. OVER MANY GENERATIONS, FUTURE ANTS MAY CONTINUE TO INCREASE IN SIZE...



BUT MOTHS OF THE SPACE-AGE GENERATION COULD LEARN TO FLY IN FORMATION AND USE EVASIVE TACTICS LIKE FIGHTER PILOTS...



...THEN, WHEN CAUGHT, THEY'LL SIMPLY LIFT OFF AND ESCAPE.



...UNTIL THEY HAVE THE STRENGTH TO SUPPORT THE WEIGHT OF HUMAN BEINGS STANDING ON THEIR BACKS.



...MAKING SWATTING PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE.



# THE CRACKED BOOKSTORE

## SALE!

### NEW SELECTIONS!

### WHILE THEY LAST!

### ORDER NOW! CHAOS LATER!



**CRACKED ANNUALS**  
235 PARK AVE. SOUTH  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003

Please send  
me the Annuals  
I have checked  
Enclosed is

.....  
which includes  
the total price  
of my selections  
PLUS 40¢ mailing  
and handling  
charge for each  
selection.

GIANT CRACKED #9... 75¢  
GIANT CRACKED #12... \$1.00  
GIANT CRACKED (JANUARY 1978)... \$1.00  
GIANT CRACKED (MARCH 1978)... \$1.00  
GIANT CRACKED (MAY 1978)... \$1.00  
KING-SIZED CRACKED #10... \$1.00  
KING-SIZED CRACKED #11... \$1.00  
SUPER CRACKED #9... \$1.00  
SUPER CRACKED #10... \$1.00  
BIGGEST GREATEST CRACKED #11... \$1.00  
BIGGEST GREATEST CRACKED #12... \$1.00  
EXTRA SPECIAL CRACKED #1... \$1.00  
EXTRA SPECIAL CRACKED #2... \$1.00  
THE CRACKED GANGSTER GALLERY... 50¢  
THOSE GREAT OLD MOVIES... 50¢  
MORE FROM THE CRACKED TV SCREEN... 50¢  
FAMOUS DISASTER MOVIES... 50¢  
CRACKED'S BIG PICTURES... 50¢  
CRACKED GOES TO THE MOVIES... 60¢  
CRACKED VISITS OUTER SPACE... 60¢

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

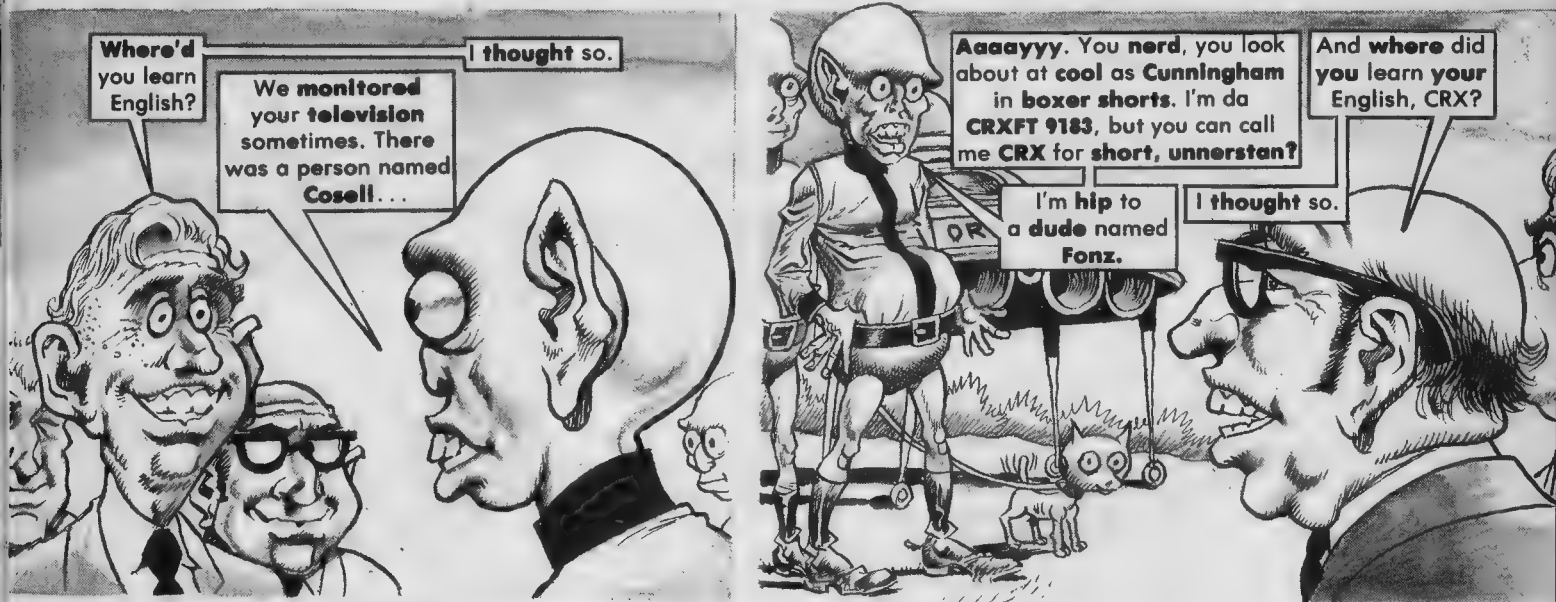


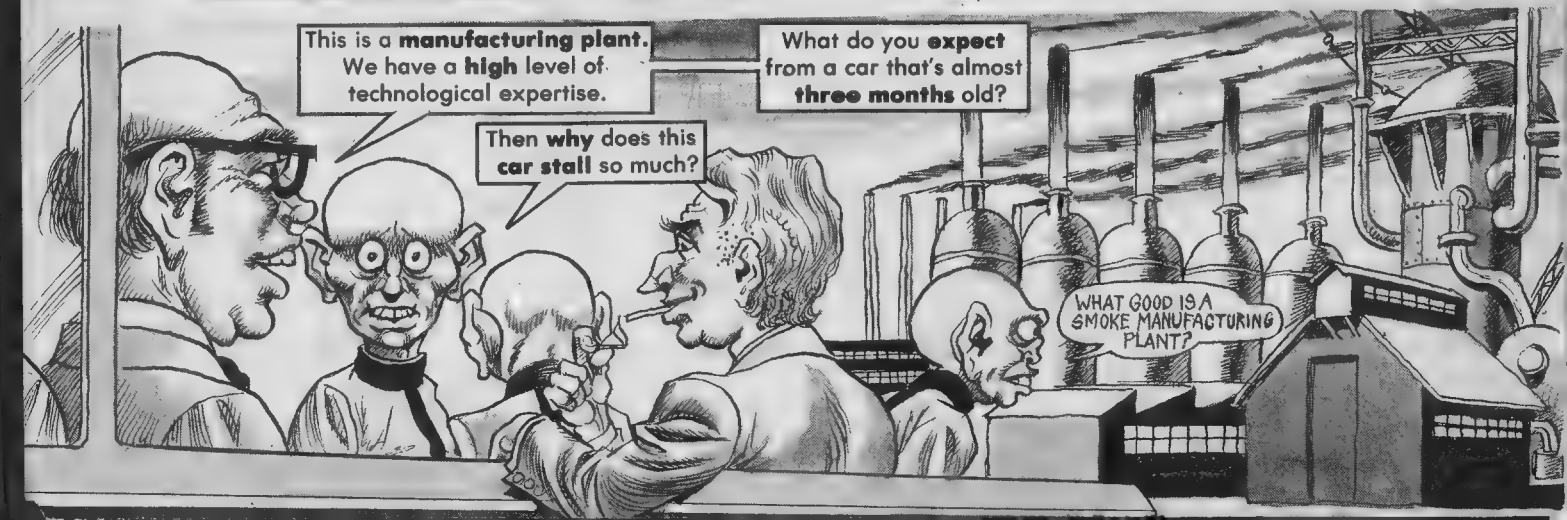
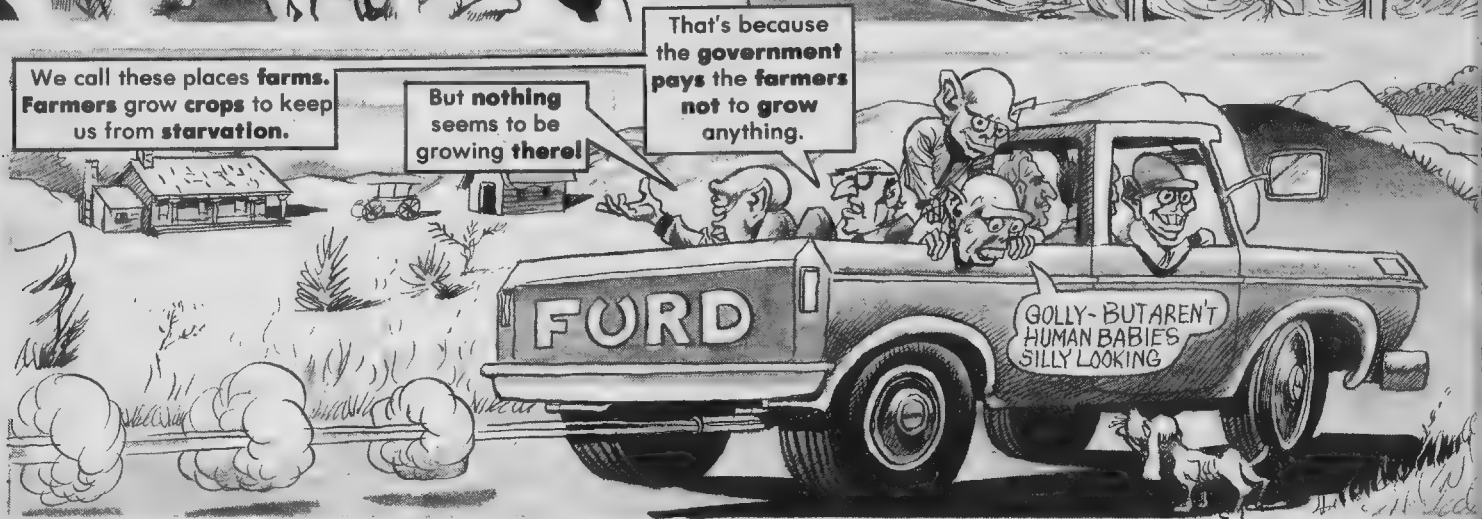
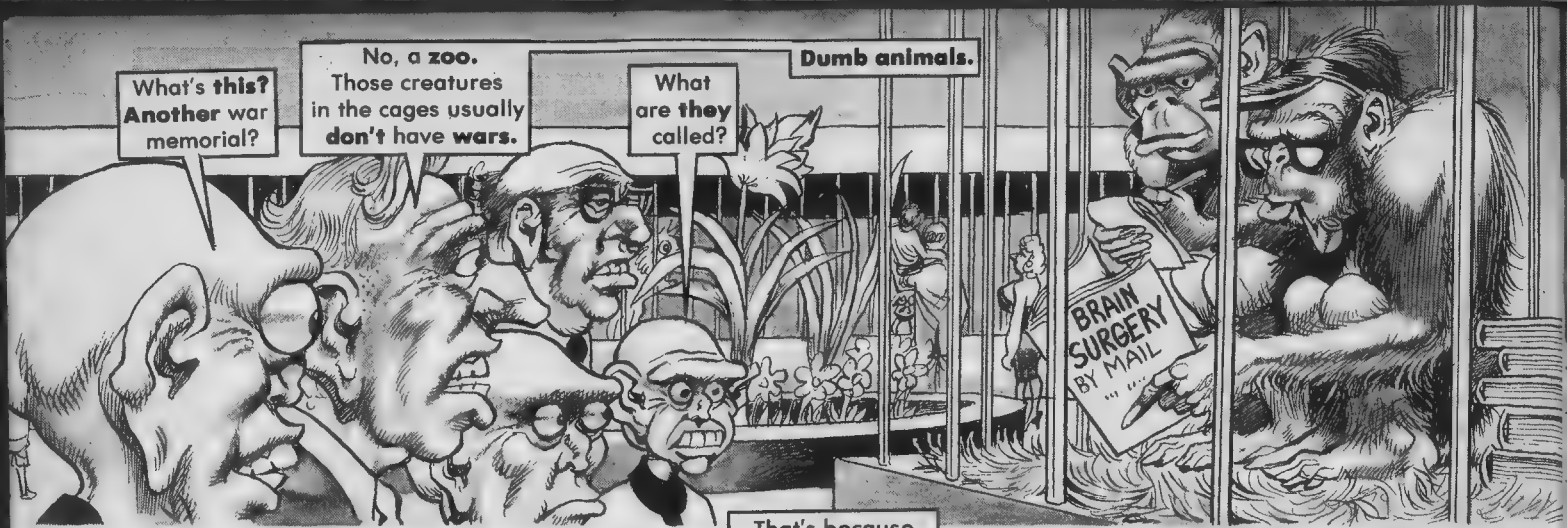
REMEMBER—Add 40¢ mailing and handling charge for EACH selection you have made.



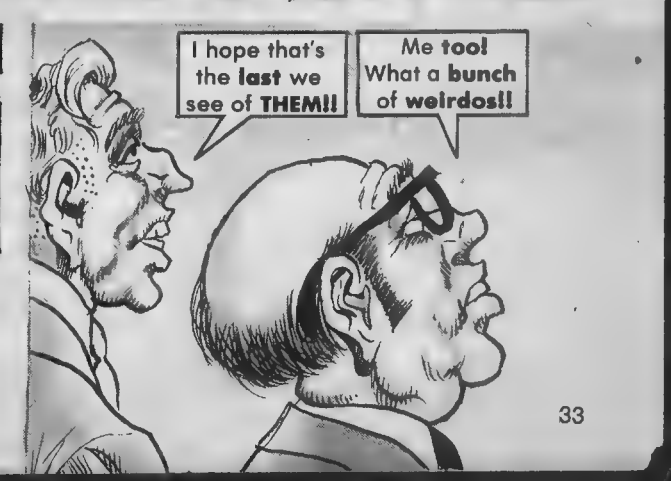
Lots of people claim they've seen UFO's, but so far there isn't any "hard" evidence that those strange craft have landed anywhere. But that doesn't mean they won't...some day. If it happens, what will our visitors from outer space think of us? Here's what might actually take place

# IF UFO'S EVER DO LAND









# A MODERN PARENT VS. A TRADITIONAL PARENT

## MODERN

### FOOD

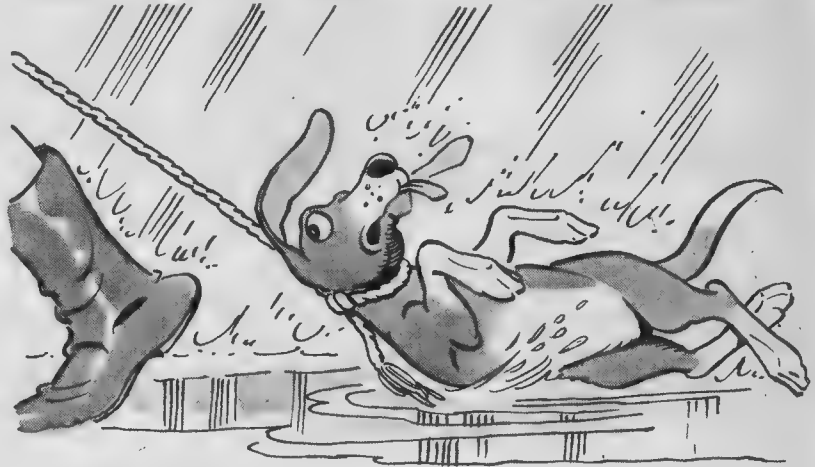
What would you like for dinner?... **Chicken?** ... Or if you don't want chicken, **Mummy** could **run out** and get you a **pizza** ... or maybe...

## TRADITIONAL

**Chicken!** ... Biah ... I'm **not** in the mood **for** chicken!

Does **this** put you more in the mood **for** it?

### PETS



### DRESS

Like my outfit, **Hether?**

It's really **with-it** mom—but do you think it's the **right** thing to wear to **Kenny's** confirmation?

Do you think it's too **daring** for the party?



## RELIGION

What are we? Well, we're members of a tiny religious sect who believe that the earth will probably end on Tuesday.



We're Quakers.

Does that mean all we're allowed to eat are oats??



## MONEY

Having a drawing to see which 3 of our 22 credit card bills we're gonna pay this month.

What are you doing?



Harold, can we order my new glasses today?

Sorry, Charlene, but we're still \$12 short. A few more months of quarters into the piggy marked "4-eyes" and you'll have them.

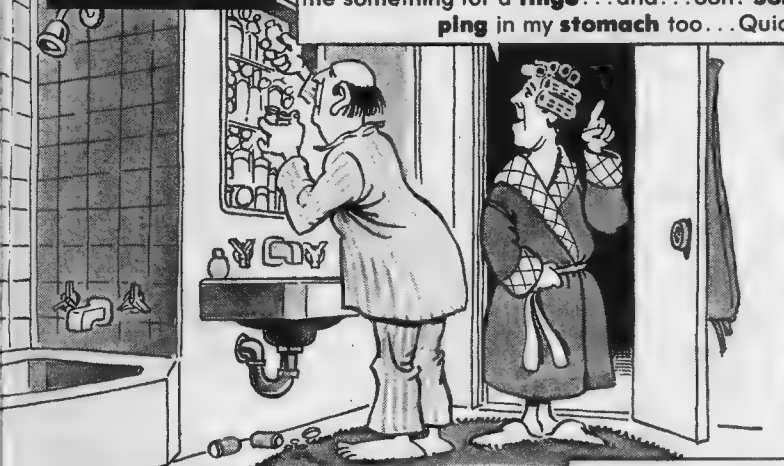


## MEDICINE

Harry! I feel a tinge in my head... Quick! Quick! Give me something for a tinge... and... ooh! Something for a plng in my stomach too... Quick!

Can I get you something for that pain?

It's not that (ugh) bad (ooh) dear. Wait until it's absolutely (ugh) necessary.



## FURNITURE

Mommy, do we gotta have this plastic on the couches?

It's for protection! What are we made of... money? ...Get new things every year!!! And don't eat in the living room!

Why not?

You wanna spill something and spoil the plastic covers?

We just got it this morning—it's by a French designer and it cost a fortune. Come on in. Sit down.

I'd love to—only, one question. Which ones are they?



## MARRIAGE

I just wanna thank all of you for coming to my 10th wedding anniversary. Throughout the years, I've had 9 wonderful husbands and I'm hoping that with this, the anniversary of my 10th, maybe we can make a go of it and last even a whole month!



Happy 23rd Anniversary!!  
Are you surprised?

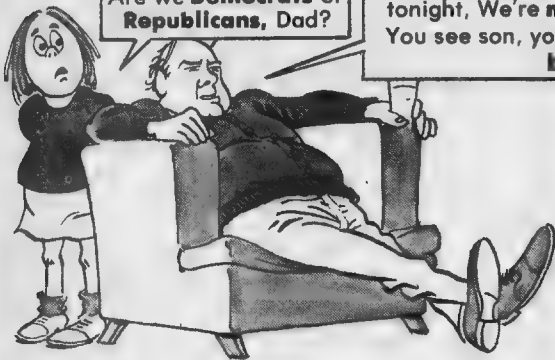
I'll say—it's not until next month.



## POLITICS

Are we Democrats or Republicans, Dad?

Well son, last week we were **liberal Republicans**. At the beginning of this week we were **conservative Democrats** and, tonight, We're **moderate Confederates**. You see son, you gotta stick to what you believe in.

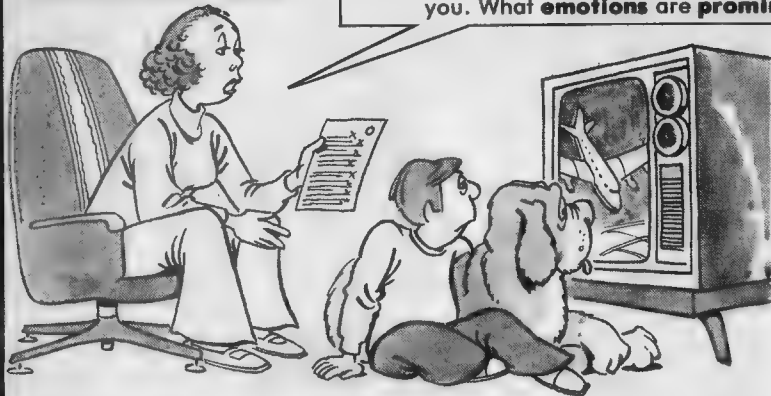


Gimmie that, you little traitor. My father was a Democrat, I'm a democrat and you're gonna be a Democrat, Frankie, whether you like it or not!



## SCHOOLING

Why, Zorrol You got a zero on this test. Wanna talk about it? ...Wanna describe to me what's going on inside you. What emotions are prominent in your...



I think so. He's making me stay in my room until I'm 34.

Was he angry?



## NAMES

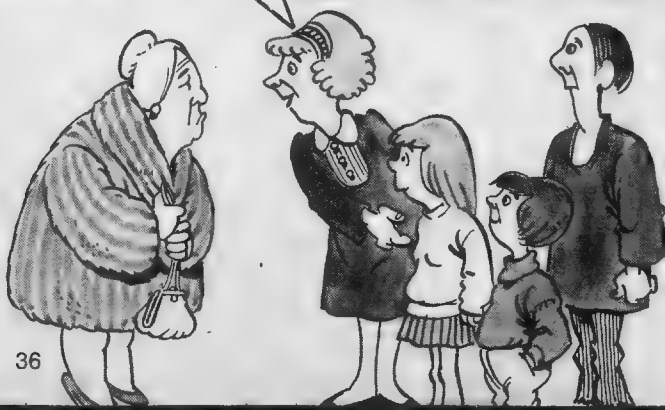
And this is my daughter Joellen and my sons, Bollini and Timb... with a 'b'.

What did you name him?

Frank Jr.—like his father.

But aren't your other two boys also named Frank?

Well yeah, but that was after their uncle and grandfather!





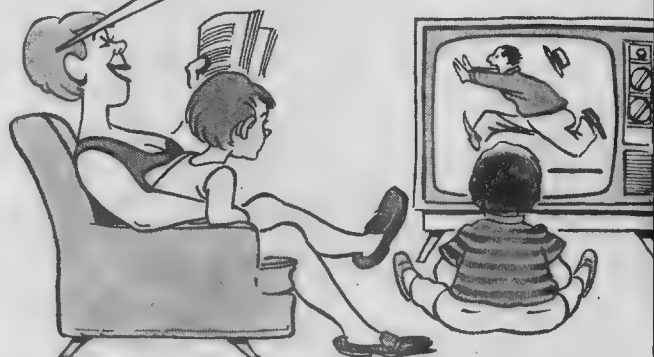
## READING TO KIDS



Mommy, read me a story.

In a minute. First mommy has to make out the PTA fashion show menu and then I have to arrange the finals for my bowling league and then...

And the wolf said to the gingerbread man, "You can run, you can run, as fast as you can, but I'll..."



## PRESENTS



Happy Birthday, Debbie. This is for your room.

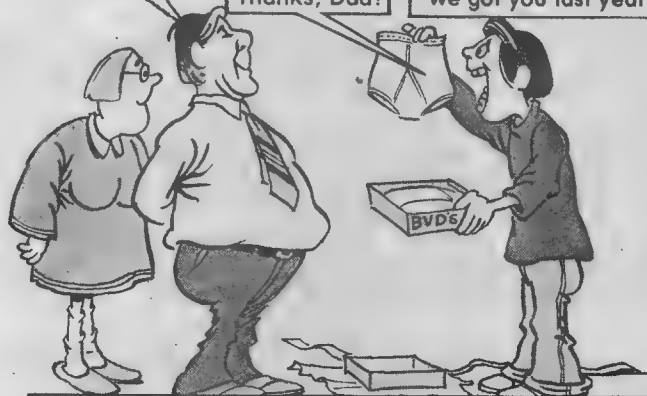
Now use it wisely.



Happy 14th Birthday, son.

Wow! Underwear! Thanks, Dad!

Well, your mother and I knew how much you liked the 12 pairs we got you last year.



## HOLIDAYS

Well, Clare is with her boyfriend in Seattle, Basil is in Denver, I'm going to Florida and Harry is going to California.

What are you doin for New Year's?



There's a chair empty! Why isn't Frankie Jr. here with the rest of the family for our holiday dinner?

He's in the army, Dad.

I don't care. He should have pleaded for a furlough to be with his family for the holidays.

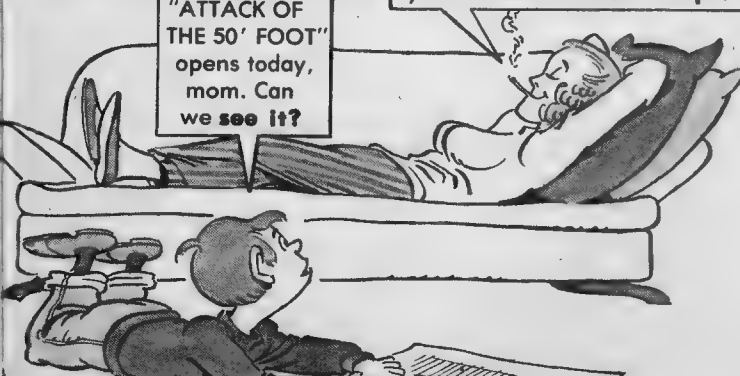
But Dad—it's only Ground Hog's Day.



## ENTERTAINMENT

"ATTACK OF THE 50' FOOT" opens today, mom. Can we see it?

Of course! You've got to be the first one on the block. How else can you brag to all your friends and ruin the plot for them.



Dad, can we see, "ATTACK OF THE 50' FOOT"?

Of course.

Yeh.



As soon as they put it on TV.

# A DOG'S DAY AFTERNOON





A resort where robots catered to the fantasies of vacationing guests was the theme of a popular movie called "Westworld." A few years later, the same idea burst upon the television scene. In television's ever-undying quest for original material, the people in the Industry thought this was a uniquely inspired move. (These were the people in the fishing line, tackle & hook industries.) After all, the big difference in the television version was that the robots were eliminated, and the remaining parts to be played were filled in by run-of-the-mill TV actors. Given the acting ability of most of these performers, however, this difference could hardly be noticed in...

# FUNNIEST ISLAND



Clevair, Boss! You made heem theenk he ees not such a weakling when you faked your hand being hurt.

What faked? My hand is **totally squeshed!** Ohh, that smarts!

Ah, eet ees the well-known feminist, **Gloria Staynumb!** We are glad to have you on Fonniet Island, Miss Staynumb!

Miss? How do you know I'm not married?

I see... Mrs. Staynumb!

No, no, not Mrs. Staynumb either! Is this **fair?** When you address a **man**, do you distinguish whether he is married or not?

IF I KISS YOU, WILL YOU REALLY TURN INTO A HAND-SOME PRINCE?

REEBIT!

Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry... I just deed not **realize!** I hope you weel accept my apology, **MEESTER Staynumb!**

Please **forgieve** ze boss, Ms. Staynumb! Living **a-way from normal life** on zis island, he does get behind ze times a bit!

You are such a pretty lady... I wish your fantasy was "**Snow White and ze Dwarf!**"

Don't you mean "**Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs?**"

Forgieve Tartar, Meez Staynumb... he ees only doing the "**cute lady-killer**" bit that our viewers love!

And you said your **boss** was behind the times? Don't you know it's not "**dwarf**" or "**midge**" anymore, buster? The fashionable term today is "**little people!**"

"**Leetle people?**" Eef he ees a "**leetle person**", what am I?

A big, stupid, dopey and **chauvinistic person!**

Who needs ze other six? Eet weel be just **you and me, babee!**

As we agreed, my fantasy is to go back to the days of Sherwood Forest—in the times when **men** were almost **totally in control!** I want to be sort of an "**avenger**", giving the women of those times **hope** and showing the men that women could be more than their equals! Leading a band of outlaw women, I will naturally be known as...

"**Robiness Hood!**"

Why must you add "**ess**" to make something female? Besides, "**Robin**" is a **feminine** name!

GEORGE, YOU COME DOWN OUT OF THAT TREE AND PUT THIS ON !!

Of course... I meant "**Robin Hoodess!**"

I'm glad you're finally treating her as an **equal**, Boss! When she hit you, you did ze same theeng you would have done if a **MAN** hit you... mainly, **take your punishment and not fight back!**

Shut up, you leetle runt!



Can I really beat up **anyone I want**, and can you arrange for a **real boxer** to fight me this evening?

Yes, but beware, Meester Spineless... What truly counts is not the amount of **strength** a person has, but his **personaleety**, his **deesposition**...

Oh, dear, perhaps I've made a mistake Mr. Rogue. Please make a change...

Ah, you have reealized the folly of your **deezire**?

No, just change the fight to this **afternoon!** I can't wait to (hee hee) **pulverize** this poor brute!

We must rescue a member of our band—she's scheduled to be **hanged** at 2:05 by the Sheriff of Nothingdom!

We should be **very, very careful**, or else the Sheriff might capture us too! At 2 o'clock, 5 minutes before the hanging, everyone will meet at the Central Park Zoo.

**Central Park Zoo?** Isn't that 5,500 miles away in **New York City?**

I **told** you, we have to be very careful!

**NEXT TIME I GO ON VACATION, I PICK DISNEYLAND!**

Uh... that's a good start! Just remember, aim a little **HIGHER** next time!

You must be Robin Hood. We're your band of "**Weary Women**"! I'm **Friar Toots**, this is **Little Joan** and at the end there is your **loving sweetheart**—think of him as the counterpart of "**Maid Marion**"!

But that's a **butler!**

You rang, mawdam?

In order to save her, you must **split the rope** with an arrow.

W-what? I never used a bow and arrow before.

Don't worry, you're on **Funniest Island!** Mr. Rogue knows you're playing Robin Hood, and he's arranged for you to be the **favorite marksman** in these parts.

Is that a **fact?**

Well, truthfully, my favorite is **Groucho**, and Little Joan here feels **Harpo's** the best!

Mr. Rogue, I'm just having a **ball**, playing Robin Hood and I'm planning on coming to Funniest Island on my next vacation, with a brand new fantasy!

Fine! Remember, **anytheeng** is possible on **Fonniest Island**, where your wildest dreams come true!

I wanna be **World Ruler**, with two **billion slaves** ready to heed my **every bidding!**

**ARENA**

Like I was saying, **almost anytheeng** is possible on **Fonniest Island!**

**MY FANTASY IS TO BE A CHILD PRODIGY!**

**TWONG!**

Please don't bite your nails so much, Meester Spineless. How would we give your stomach a **manicure**? Don't worry, I'm **certain** you can lick heem with only **one hand**!

I - I... I can?

**Most assured-ly!** But first, you must ask heem if he ees weeling to **fight** you with only **one hand**!

Mr. Rogue... I was just w-wondering... how did you round up this huge **audience**?

You forget, Meester Spineless... you are not the only one on this island with a **fantasy**! You won't **believe** how many people pay good vacation money to have their fantasies of being a **boxing spectator** finally come true!

Oh dear! What in incredible **coincidence** to have **thousands** of these people at one time!

Actually, all except 4 are hired through the **Screen Extras Guild**! Weeth those **union wages** to deal weeth, how my island continues to **exceest** only my accountant knows!

**BLONG!**

Oh dear! T-ther's the b-bell! Perhaps we should settle this f-fight in the letters page of **The News**!

No, Meester Spineless! Remember, you **cannot lose**! Just geeve him blow after blow!

**POOF! POOF! POOF!**

**POW!**

I... I thought you said I **couldn't lose**!

In your best eenterest, I had to geeve you a **meestrueth**! Perhaps **now** you weel reelize your fantasy was best left **unfulfeeled**. You see, Meester Spineless, I wanted to **show** you your brains are all that matters. As long as you are able to **theenk**, you musn't feel a need to beat up **anybody**!

But I **do** feel a need to beat up somebody... **YOU**, you **execrable fraud**!!

Mr. Rogue, I demand my money back!

Oh no! Not you too!

You've failed to live up to your part in my fantasy! As Robin Hood, I'm supposed to compete in the King's **private archery match**... but I can't hit anything.

WATCH OUT HE MAY BE **PLAYING POSSUM**!

Please—don't ask for a refund! I weel show you what you want! But first you weel need a **deesquise**...



In order to win the match, the mysterious stranger will have to split the arrow in half!

This you call a disguise?

Be quiet, please! In thees po-  
section, I guarantee you weel be  
able to spleet the arrow... it  
never fails!

P  
T  
W  
A  
N  
G

She did it!  
She split  
the arrow!

Why... her disguise hath fallen  
off! 'Tis that varlet herself,  
Robin Hood!

King, I'd like to speak to you  
about equal opportunity for  
the women of Nothingdom!  
You must respect our **rights**!

NEVER!

Then you must  
respect our **lefts**!

Zounds! Thou art indeed the most villainous  
of villainesses! I sentence thee to **DEATH**!

Why are you talking so funny, fella? And what is  
this about **DEATH**? C'mon, grow up... come back  
to the 20th century! You're only a fellow vacationer,  
living out his fantasy, just like me! This game is  
over. I don't wanna play anymore!

Awright, I may not **really** be the King of Nothingdom!  
I may **only** be a **garbageman** from Toledo, Ohio,  
but I still wanna play! And I say you're gonna **DIE**!

Surprise, Meez Staynumb! I always show up  
when I'm least expected—it adds to my **meestery**!

Mr. Rogue! You have to help me—these people  
are **crazy**! They're planning to **execute** me! Now  
fun's **fun**, and I don't wanna be a **party pooper** but...

I'm sorry... it ees com-  
pletely out of my hands!

WHAT?

You see, Meez Staynumb, eet ees your fantasy; and you  
must be prepared to take the necessary **risks**! What I'm  
trying to accomplish here is the danger element—so  
people weel realize certain fantasies best go unfulfeeled,  
and they weel emerge as **better persons**. You under-  
stand? That's why there's **nothing** I can do!

Oh yes there  
is, you nut!

BACK! BACK!  
Or the Boss  
gets it!

(Gasp) Do as she says... thees  
woman has a **strong head**  
... and (choke), an **arm** to  
match!

Well, Tartar, another **day**, another **refund!**

I weesh I could be like you, Boss! Debonair, yet  
ruthless! Setting ze rules on Funniest Island and  
changing zem as only you can please!

All too true, Tartar, You have **every right** to be jealous of one  
all-knowing and all-powerful. We may not agree on a lot, but  
that's one thing we see **eye to eye** on!

More like eye to **kneel!**

Mr. Rogue, is it possible  
to have another fantasy?

Remember—you pay in advance,  
what you can **afford!** How much  
can you afford?

\$1.39!

I want to know what it is  
to be a **millionaire.**

That can be arranged... we can  
provide the ideal setting, sur-  
round you weeth all sorts of  
extravagant...

Nah, that'll be all **phony.**  
It won't work!

Well, what do you suggest?

Tartar, thees ees the end! We're  
cleaned out, Fonniest Island is **feen-  
ished!** Oh, I'd give **anytheeng** to be  
able to stay!

Don't worry, Boss! My life's  
savings can take care of our  
debt! But in ordair for you  
to have zis money, you must  
grant me **my** fantasy!

Anytheeng, just **name** it, Tar-  
tar, my wonderful leetle friend!

Eet ees a **deall!**

Give me a million dollars!

The plane!  
The pl-a-ane!

Not plane, Rogue,  
you little idiot  
...**playeen!**

Yes, Boss!  
Sorry, Boss!

TH'END



Greetings! This is Nancy Dickering welcoming you to the last few pages of **CRACKED** where this month I'll be poking into something everyone has, but nobody wants—except the man you're about to meet when

# CRACKED

## INTERVIEWS THE GARBAGE KING



Standing next to me is my guest for today—Mr. Randy Refuse. Good afternoon, sir.

O.K. Get it out of your system, honey. Ask me if business is picking up.

But...

Or if we get to keep everything we collect.

Mr. Refuse, I'm not here to make jokes.

But you said you were from **CRACKED**.

True. However, this is the part of our magazine where we ferret out corruption... expose incompetence...

Go on! You're just here to make fun of me and my garbage!

Really, I'm...



UGLY OLD BIRD...AINT SHE

I'LL GET MY HUSBAND FOR THIS! I'LL GET HIM!



A BIRD OF PARADISE, SHE AINT

What'd you do that for?

To prove to you that this is nothing more than a hard hitting interview.





For example, here's a typical **MacDaniels lunch** for one. You've got a **wrapper** around the burger which is placed in a **box**, a **container** for the fries, a **cup**, a **lid**, a **straw**—**paper** around the straw, a **napkin**, a **placemat**... all of which is split up into **two bags**!!



Before you hinted at a **second reason** for so much rubbish. What would **that** be?

The **lack of pride** that people take in making things.

Look at the **stuff** we find on **people's curbs**. Over there—a **2-year-old T.V.**

No, I think it's a **Zenith**.

That's a **sin**.

GENI! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHY DOESN'T ANYONE EVER THROW **CRACKED** AWAY?



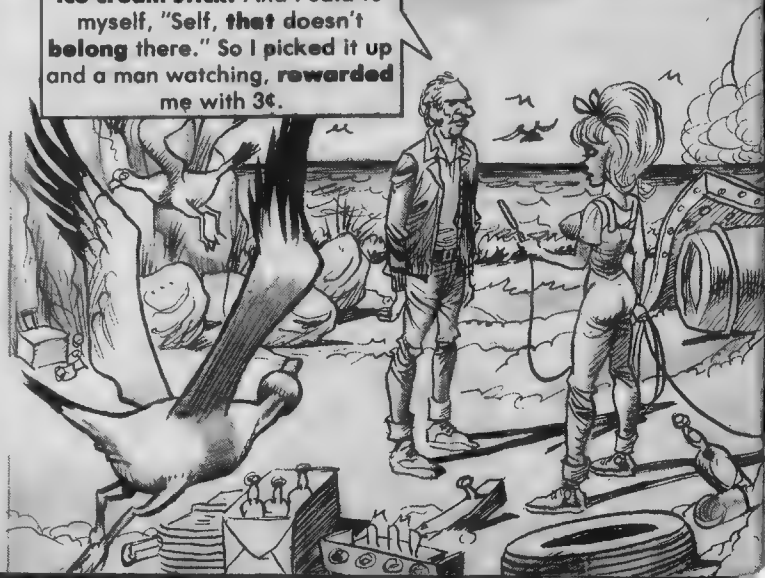
How did you **get into garbage**?

Well, I was born of **poor parents**—out of work—no money. We lived in a **cardboard box** behind a **bus station**.

Must have been **terrible** when it **rained**.

It was. The **house** got all **soggy**.

Well, one day I was **walking down a road** when I spotted an **ice cream stick**. And I said to myself, "**Self, that doesn't belong there**." So I picked it up and a man watching, **rewarded me with 3¢**.





Well, several weeks later I saw an **orange pit**, picked that up and **another** man **rewarded** me. Months later I figured, why not do it as a **living**? So, I **bought** a **truck** and before I knew it, I owned **750,000** and the **business** you see here today.

That's an **incredible** story!

Yeah, that's what I thought when the **PR department** brought it to me.

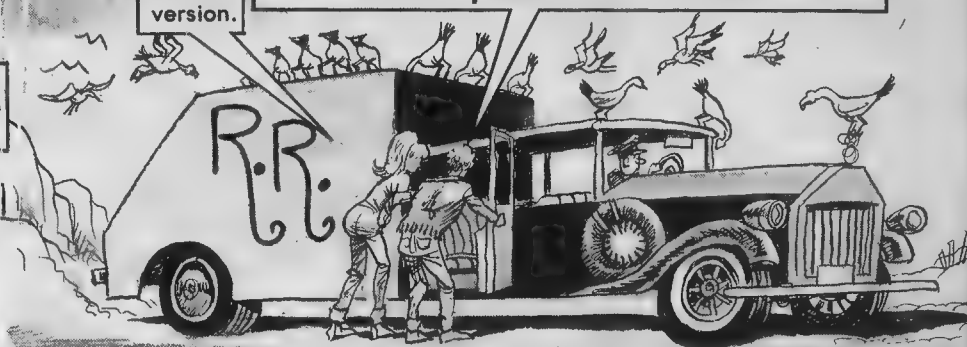
You mean it **isn't** true?!!

Ah... **NO!**

MANUSCRIPT  
THE RANDY  
REFUSE STORY,  
OR HOW I MADE  
CASH FROM  
TRASH

O.K.,  
give me  
the **real**  
version.

I **inherited** the **company** from my **father**—but the climb up **was** tough. I had to **drive** a **truck** for nearly a **week** before he **promoted** me to **President**.

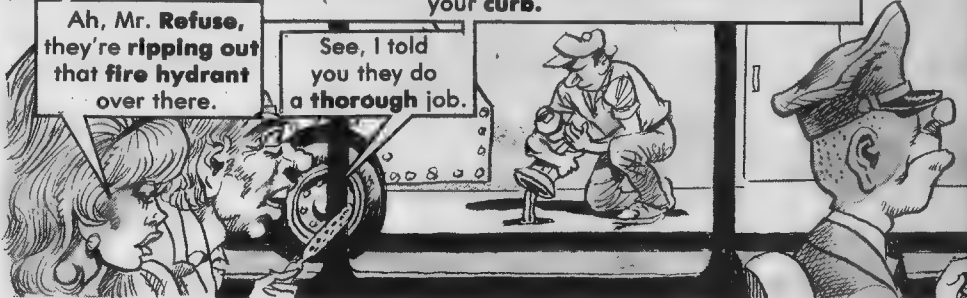


Can you explain to my readers just **how** your **business** works?

Certainly. For a **small fee** charged to a **city** or **private individual**, my men go in and do a **thorough** job of **picking up** anything **left on** your **curb**.

Ah, Mr. **Refuse**, they're **ripping out** that **fire hydrant** over there.

See, I told you they do a **thorough** job.



Moving along. From the **streets**, the **litter** is **driven** to one of my **landfill sites** where it's **buried** by **experts**.



It's my **unders tanding** that we're **running out** of places like that to **discard** our **trash**.

Correct. And that's why my men are constantly **scouting** for **new** places to **dump** the **junk** we **collect**. By the way, you wouldn't **happen** to have a **spare room** at your **house** that you're **not** using?



I'm afraid not.

And the **search** goes on.



O.K. **RED DUMP**, THE **MAIL TRUCK'S** **GONE!**

Which brings us to an interesting question. What do we do, Mr. Refuse, once we run out of landfill sites.

Well, over at RRG!... What's that?

The Randy Refuse Garbage Institute—there we're developing new uses for the stuff.

THE  
RANDY  
REFUSE  
GARBAGE  
INSTITUTE

RANDY  
REFUSE

SANITATION  
CORP.

Daily, we're experimenting with turning garbage into fuel.

You mean one day I might throw my trash into my tank?!!

Precisely. Right now, however, we're having a few problems.

Like?

Like flies. These garbage-powered cars seem to attract them like crazy.

GARBAGE  
POWERED

Which fuel do you think will get better mileage—the low lead I'm using now or your experimental high test?

Your gas is as good as mine!

Now over here, we're attempting to convert trash into an edible substance that teenagers should love.

Why's that? It's real junk food!

GARBAGE  
CUPCAKE  
DOUGH



I gather that **garbage** fascinates you.

Oh, it does. For example, did you know that you could **pinpoint** almost exactly the **personality** of a **person** just by looking at his **trash**?

Really?

Come on. I'll show you.

Just **picking** a can at random, what do you **see** there?

A **mess**.

True. But in that **mess** we find that he **likes donuts**, **enjoys the theater**...

Probably has a **baby**...

And is **tall, strong** and **hates** people going through his **garbage**.

What **Indicates** that to you?

His **face**. He's **standing** right **behind** you.

Sorry, sir.

Well, aside from nearly being **beaten to a pulp** by a **250 lb.** hockey player, it's been a **fascinating** afternoon Mr. Refuse, and I guess that's about it.

Thank you for coming, Nanny—oh, let me throw that **gum wrapper** away for you.

How kind.

And this is Nanny Dickering saying...

Here you go. What's that?

My **bill** for **trash removal**.

You **charged** me for **throwing** that **gum wrapper** away???

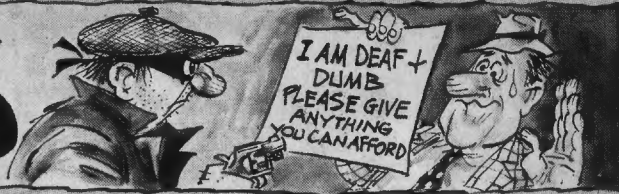
Well, you didn't think I was doing it to be **nice**, did you? It's my **business**!

Ah, folks, you wanna **move on** to the **Shut-Ups**? I don't think the next words out of my mouth are gonna be **Ta Ta**... **Now**, about **this bill**, you little **con** artist...

**BILL**

new 1111  
used 1111  
bill 1111  
used 1111  
Randy Refuse

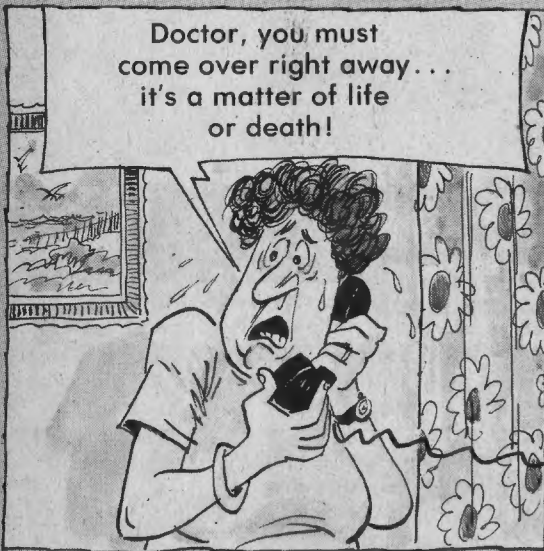
# SHUT-UPS



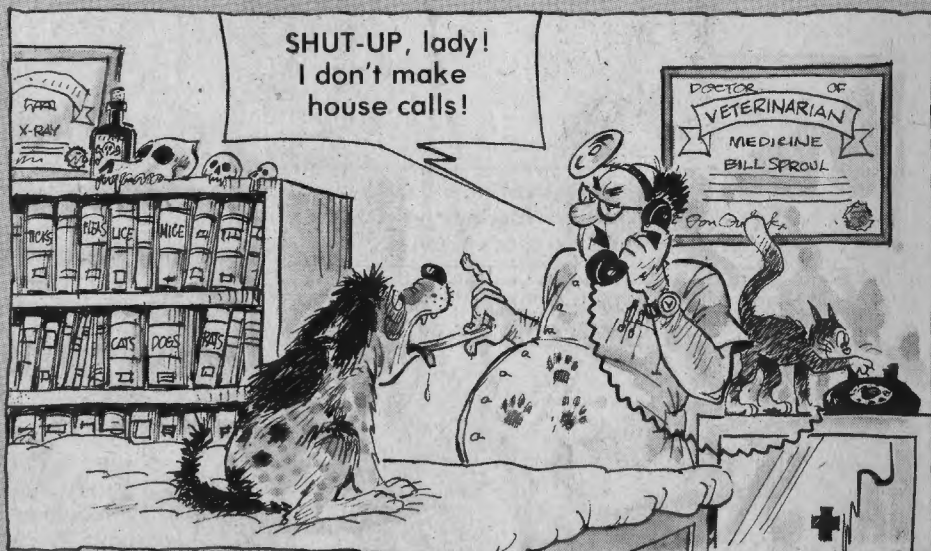
Your Honor, I object to this line of questioning!



SHUT-UP! It's the only way I'll get this crook to talk!



Doctor, you must come over right away... it's a matter of life or death!



SHUT-UP, lady! I don't make house calls!



I just love this store! There are so many wonderful things; I just don't know where to begin!



SHUT-UP, lady! Come with me to the manager's office!



**WARNING**

**THIS ROOM**

**PROTECTED BY**



# GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORTS

BONGO, CONGO

AUGUST 4

1837



MOMODOU OBUDA  
INVENTS THE 100 YARD DASH.



**WARNING**

***THIS ROOM  
PROTECTED BY***

**R.A.I.D.\***

**SECURITY  
SYSTEMS**

\* ROVER: AN INVISIBLE DOG